



513 MOUNTFORT (W.) The Injured  
Lovers; or, the Ambitious Father, a Tragedy.  
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T H E  
INJUR'D LOVERS:  
OR, THE  
Ambitious Father.  
A  
T R A G E D Y.

Acted by Their  
Majesty's Servants  
AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL.

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By W. MOUNTFORT, Com.

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Licensed, March 8. 1687. Ro. L'Estrange.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for Sam. Manship at the Black Bull  
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May, 1873

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**JAMES**  
EARL of ARRAN,

Son to his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton*;

One of the Lords of his Majesty's Bed-  
chamber, and Knight of the Honoura-  
ble and Ancient Order of the *Thistle*.

*My LORD.*

**T**HE abundance of indulgent Favours I have  
received from your Lordship, and the No-  
ble Family to which you are now ally'd ;  
made me presume, humbly to crave your kind Ac-  
ceptance of this First Fruits of a *Young Muse*: And  
tho I cannot assure my self of deserving so great an



## The Epistle Dedicatory

Encouragement as your *Lordship's* Espousal of this Trifle; yet I will, to my utmost Endeavours, satisfy the World, how much a generous Patronage may encrease a natural Genius, and that an indifferent Beginning may, by the Assistance of so great a Person extreamly improve it self.

For what bold Censurer (tho never so Malitious) dares question what your *Lordship* takes into your Protection: Safe, I'm sure, it will remain, as plac'd upon an Altar: And indeed, when I call to mind how many, less deserving than your *Lordship*, have been stiled *Hero's*, and *Demi-Gods*, it makes me accuse the Ingratitude of our Age, and call much in Question its Judgment.

Give me leave, my *Lord*, but to call to mind (tho far too worthy for my Pen) the famous, and never to be enough praised Actions of your Ancestors, the *Douglasses*, whose personal Valours have always been so great, that they seem'd the Souls of Armies, as having Life only where they charged: And whatsoever Quarrel they espous'd, Victory always dwelt there: Their Courages were such, that what is in ancient Legends of others Romantick, was really justly true of them.

And since they are gone to encrease the Number of the *Hero's* above, who does not see the true Image of their Souls in your *Lordships*: Every thing you undertake must have Success, for what you do is with such a noble Assurance, that Fortune seems afraid to contradict it; and you carry her with you  
always

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

always bound, and in Subjection to your Pleasure.

Indeed every thing in you is Extraordinary: To witness only your first early Valour with a Person of Honour, which shew'd an Example of your exact Niceness in Gallantry, and was the true Test of Courage.

Give me leave to add to the rest of the Virtues, the Loyalty of your self and Family; the never to be forgotten Transactions (now fresh in Memory) of your Two illustrious Relations, the Dukes of *Hamilton*; One sacrificed for his Prince, by the barbarous and detestable Rebels; and the other, regardless of his Life in so meritorious a Cause, dying in endeavouring the late King's Restoration.

And tho their Sufferings are as well set forth as an original Collection, and an ingenious Historiographer could well model: Yet the secret Virtues of that inestimable Pair, which, but themselves, and the glorious Martyr they liv'd and dy'd for, knew: Imagination cannot reach, or if known, 'twould tire Fame to sound 'em.

And still to add to your Never-dying Name: This last happy Union, with a Family of such Worth, that Fortune seem'd proud of the Match, and contrived it as an Honour to both Parties.

What a vast Happiness do I enjoy that have a Person of so unparallell'd a Family as your *Lordship*, to countenance my feeble Endeavours; and tho the Worthies of the World might justly claim the Honour I sue for; yet, as the *Widdow's Mite* was  
Acceptable,



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

acceptable, so may this poor Performance be to your *Lordship's* unbounded Goodness.

Perhaps some *Mommes* of this Time, may immediately ( without farther Thought ) decry this Paper, and call it Flattery ; but those that will impartially judge, must own that Flattery and Truth were never ally'd ; and I have said nothing here but what the well-known Merits of the Persons will justify.

May the noble Partner of your Heart live like her Virtues, which were a sufficient Security ( if Heaven would suffer her Absence ) for an Immortality on Earth : May the Excellencies of both Generations wait on you two ; may Goodness , Honour, and Loyalty never depart, from whence they have seem'd to take their Dwelling, but with that untir'd Sincerity ( which your Predecessors have still perform'd to their Sovereign ) attend you ; whilst I, at a Distance, shall rejoyce, and with all Humility crave the Title of,

Your *Lordships* most Obedient

and Dutiful Servant,

*Will. Mountfort.*

# PROLOGUE

To the Injur'd Lovers, spoken by Mr. Mountfort.

JO Haynes's Fate is now become my Share,  
For I'm a Poet, Married, and a Player:  
The greatest of these Curses is the First;  
As for the latter Two, I know the worst;  
But how you mean to deal with me to Day,  
Or how you'll Massacre my harmless Play,  
I must confess distracts me every Way:  
For I've not only Criticks in the Pit,  
But even in the upper Gallery they sit,  
Knaves that will run down Mr. Mountfort's Wit;  
I'm the unlucky'st Dogg that ever Writ.  
Some Care then must be taken, that may save  
This Dear, my First Begotten, from the Grave:  
Some Friends Advise, like Brother Ben declare,  
By God 'tis Good, deny't the Slave that dare:  
Were I but sure 'twould Take, I'd do my best;  
But to be kick'd, you know, would spoil the Jest.  
However I must still my Play maintain,  
Damn it who will, Damn me, I'll write again;  
Clap down each Thought, nay, more than I can think,  
Ruin my Family in Pen and Ink.  
And tho' my Heart should burst to see your Spite,  
True Talboy to the last I'll Cry and Write,  
That's Certain.  
Or since I am beset so by my Foes,  
I beg your Favour, Friends, Brother Beaux;  
Join with the Ladies, to whose Power I bow,  
Where I see Gentleness on every Brow;  
To whose acuter Judgments I submit,  
O! Save me from the Surlies of the Pit.  
Those Nauseous Wretches which have not the taste  
Of Wit or Gallantry, if nicely drest.  
I never writ till Love first touch'd my Brain,  
And surely Love will now Loves Cause Maintain,  
Besides my Natural Love to write again.  
Yet as you Please, Ruin or Pity bear,  
Sir Courtly fears no Enemy so Fair:  
Execute as you please your Tyrant-Will,  
His Character's, Your humble Servant still.



# Dramatis Personæ.

*King of Sicily.* Mr. Williams.

*Rheufanes, his General,  
and betroth'd to An-  
telina.* Mr. Betterton.

*Ghinotto, the Ambitious  
Father.* Mr. Griffin.

*Dorenalus his Son, Friend  
to the General, and in  
Love with the Prin-  
cess.* Mr. Mountfort.

*An old Collonel belonging  
to the Army.* Mr. Sanford.

*Several Souldiers.* [Mr. Lee.  
Mr. Jevon.  
Mr. Underhill, &c.

*The Princess Oryala in  
Love with Rheufanes.* Mrs. Barry.

*Antelina, Daughter of  
Ghinotto.* Mrs. Bracegirdle.

*Pages and Attendants.*

*Scene SICILY.*

## E R R A T A.

**P**Age 3. *l.* 15. for Care, read Cares, *p.* 5. *l.* 12. f. Answer, *r.* Offer. *p.* 6. *l.* 8. f. will, *r.* should, *p.* 7. *l.* 18. f. me *r.* you, *p.* 8. f. *l.* 5. *r.* Allow my Heart some warning e're it leave her, *p.* 10. *l.* 19. f. long, *r.* not long, *p.* 15. *l.* 10. f. restless, *r.* resistless, *l.* 21. f. serve *r.* starve, *l.* 27. f. becomes. *r.* become; *l.* 28. f. your *r.* you, *p.* 16. *l.* 6. f. quite *r.* quiet, *p.* 16. *l.* 14. f. Passion *r.* Possession, *p.* 31. *l.* 34. f. unheaded *r.* unheeded, *p.* 38. *l.* 17. f. thus *r.* that, *p.* 47. *l.* 31. f. Unfashioned *r.* Unfathom'd, *p.* 50. *l.* 3. f. King *r.* the King, *p.* 67. *l.* 20. f. Qualm *r.* a Qualm.





T H E

# Injur'd Lovers.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Discovers the King lying on a Couch ; After a Song he Rises.*

I.

**L**ucinda Close or Veil your Eye,  
 Where thousand Loves in Ambush lye ;  
 Where Darts are Pointed with such Skill,  
 They're sure to Hurt, if not to Kill.  
 Let Pity move thee to seem Blind,  
 Lest Seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

II.

Lucinda hide that swelling Breast,  
 The Phoenix else will change her Nest :  
 Yet do not, for, when She Expires,  
 Her heat may light in the soft Fires  
 Of Love and Pity, so that I  
 By this one Way may thee Enjoy.

King, **O**H Love ! like Death no Difference thou know'st,  
 The Heart thou strik'st must to thy Power submit,  
 Tho satisfied the Yielding Ruins it :  
 Not Alexander could withstand thy Dart,  
 Yet he had baffled Millions with his Shield ;  
 The God of War thy Arrows did Disgrace,  
 Making him languish at thy Mothers feet :

B

No

No wonder if our Heroes were thy Slaves,  
When you subdued the Deity they serv'd.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Ghinotto waits your Majesties Commands.

*King,* Bid him Enter.

*Enter Ghinotto.*

Oh my *Ghinotto*, dost thou bring me Comfort?  
Or must Despair consume thy Master, speak?

*Ghi.* What might be urg'd to serve your Majesty  
This Brain has studied, and this Tongue perswaded;  
But still the Coyneſs of a ſlighted Maid,  
Seduc'd by the falſe Vows of her firſt Lover,  
To all beſides ſhe bears;

Nor Power, nor Pomp can bring her to my Will.

*King,* Thou doſt not ſure the Art of Courtſhip know,  
That canſt not with Preferment win a Woman.

*Ghi.* Perhaps Propoſals from your Maſteſty might tempt her;  
But from me, tho Duty ſhould inſtruct her to obey;  
Yet ſhe deſpiſes the utmoſt hopes.  
My Cunning can invent.

*King,* I'll ſee her then my ſelf;  
They ſay there is a Power in Maſteſty,  
Which Woman can't withſtand;  
And if a Crown can win her, *Aside.*  
I will exchange it for the moments Blis,  
And be content to ſerve my after Daies.  
How does ſhe bear the Marriage of *Rheufanes*?

*Ghi.* Aſgaping Courtiers do the Riſe of thoſe  
Who take it o're their Heads: ſhe ſighs,  
And coldly ſaies, She's glad *Rheufanes* Fortune  
Has provided a beauty in all Points  
So much above her to thare his Heart,  
So much more worthy in his Maſters eye, ſo

*King,* What now? *Shout.*

*Ghi.* 'Tis for *Rheufanes*, Sirs! Lanthorns in hand ſhout  
The Croud'd ſtreets ſmoke with his Acclamations,  
And He their Sun ſucks up the ambitious Foggs.

*King,* *Ghinotto* he muſt be Clouded, ſet in a Winters Sky,  
Where



Where sometimes he may shine, but weakly warm.

*Ghi.* Success in Souldiers makes 'em Popular,  
Nay oft disturbs the State which once they serv'd :  
So 'tis a Prince's safety to remove 'em  
Still as they grow familiar with their Country,  
Into a private Life ;  
Which to the full shall recompence the Publique,  
And keep 'em with just duty to their Prince.

*King.* 'Tis well advis'd :  
You once were great i' th' Military Cause,  
Deserv'd, and did receive Applauses too.  
Thy Son being grown fit for the honour'd Field,  
I took thee to my self my bosom Friend.

*Ghi.* So warm a Climate vertue does encrease,  
My care have ever been to serve my Masters.

*King.* Thou art a worthy States-man.  
*Rheufanes* on his Marriage shall resign his Staff,  
Which to thy Son descends : Let him Example  
From his Father take, and well I shall be Guarded :  
This Night I'll see thy Daughter,  
If thou canst bring her to accept my offers,  
I'll make thee Father of thy Prince, *Ghinotto*,

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* The General waits for admittance, Sir.

*King.* Conduct him in *Ghinotto*. *Exit Ghi. and Gent.*  
I must Enjoy her :

Great is the interest of this General,  
As great I know the Love is he bears her ;  
My Sister first presented him to me,  
And now expects to reap what she has sown,  
Tho Kings would Glory in so rich a Bride :  
Yet for my own content she Marries him ;  
I have no hopes to compass *Antelina*—  
But by this snare :

For when Love once for Greatness is Despis'd,  
Still the neglected by that scorn's advis'd,  
And when *Rheufanes*' falshood she has known,  
How will she catch the offer of a Crown.

*Enter Ghinotto, Rheufanes, Dorenalus, Attendants,*  
*Rheufanes Kneels.*

*Rhe.* Success and Plenty wait upon my Prince,  
 And still when e're his Country wants relief,  
 May Fortune prove as favourable as now.

*King,* Welcom most fortunate, most wish'd for man,  
 Thy Prince's Guardian, and thy Countrys Prop :  
 Rise and look like the conqueror thou art.

*Rhe.* You pay my duty much above its merit,  
 Nor could my Life, tho lost in your defence,  
 Be worthy of such Title, or such Praise ;  
 I've serv'd my Prince but as a subject ought,  
 When he commands his service;

*King, Dorenalus !* thou'rt welcom; *Dor. Kneels,*  
 May still good fortune wait upon thy Youth,  
 Encouraging thy Endeavours with success.

*Dor.* Long as the favour of my Princæ waits on me,  
 I need not fear the want of Heav'n's assistance.

*King, Rheufanes,* since Heav'n has blest us  
 With Victory, and thy safety,  
 I think it were presumption more to tempt it ;  
 Thou hast discharg'd thy Office well and Nobly ;  
 And how to recompence thy Merit we have studied :  
 But if thy fancy would reward thy service  
 With a particular choice it most delights in,  
 Proclaim thy wishes to our grateful ear,  
 With a most worthy and just assurance.

*Rhe.* So well I know the goodness of my Master,  
 That on his choice I wholly will depend,  
 For fear my wishes meet with his intentions,  
 Which rudely might interpret that I knew  
 My own deserts as well as does my Prince.

*King,* My wishes hope to agree with thy desires.  
*Goes to the door and brings in Oryala.*

Can this reward thee ?

*Dor.* Ha ! *Aside.*

*King,* Why so surpriz'd *Rheufanes* ? 'tis real and thy Merit,  
 Here take her, and the next sun shall see you

Joyn'd



Joyn'd much faster. — still senseless!

*Rhe.* Such blessings, Sir, must be receiv'd  
With all humility and admiration.

*King.* Courtship, I know, is troublesom in Publique ;  
We'll leave you to the Eyes and Ears  
Only of each other.

*Dor.* The use of mine forsake me      [*Ex. King, Dor.*  
*Ghin. Manent Ory,*  
At this Moment.      *and Rhe.*

*Rhe.* What shall I do, or, how shall I approach her ?  
Most gracious Princess !

*Ory.* Most worthy Lord.

*Rhe.* By Heav'n's, she spoke as if she lik'd my answer,  
And prompts me to go on.      *Aside.*

*Ory.* Some pitying God now stand a Virgins Friend,  
Inspire him with affection towards my Love,  
That neither my desires may be refus'd,      *Aside.*  
Nor Greatness slighted.

*Rhe.* Since, Madam, by the King I here am left  
To win your favour, or receive your scorn ;  
I would entreat ( e're I presume to talk  
Of that nice subject we must enter on )  
You would resolve me one material Point,      *Kneels.*  
Which my fears urge me thus to beg of you.

*Ory.* Rise, My Lord, so well I know the goodness of your soul,  
That whatsoever it dare ask, I need not blush to grant ;  
I guess his Measures, and am prepar'd to meet'em.      *Aside.*

*Rhe.* Oh, *Antelina!*      *Aside.*  
'Tis, Madam, whether by inclination or command  
You do permit this single Conference ?

*Ory.* My Lord !

*Rhe.* Pardon me, Princess, if I err, impute it to respect,  
And much of Honour :

'Tis probable your Choice is made already ;  
If so, what happiness can I expect  
From an intangled Love, or forc'd compliance ?

*Ory.* If it were so, ( tho you've no cause to doubt )  
But if it were, I say,  
In kind obedience to the Kings Command,

I would

I would correct the errors of my Will,  
And with content accept what he thought fit.

*Rhe.* Load me not, Madam, with too many favours,  
Lest I want power to recompence your goodness.  
Honour and Beauty I have fought for long,  
Yet never did my Ambition swell so high,  
To think my Duty worthy of such Greatness.

*Ory.* Since, General, 'tis the Opinion of your Prince,  
Your Princess too complying with his Thoughts,  
You should be Proud that he esteems so well ;  
And blow the Flame which kindles thus your Glory.

*Rhe.* Hold, now my Honour, Faith, and Love stands fast.

*Ory.* Why pause you so? ( aside. )

*Rhe.* My fortunes, Madam, crow'd so fast upon-me,  
I am surpriz'd and puzzled to receive 'em,

*Ory.* 'Tis probable your Choice is made already ;

Else, why this subtle distance in your speech?

Why, palls your Spirit when I grant it freedom?

Think to what envy'd Glory thou art climbing,

Kings, have been Proud, but to be thought my Suitors ;

And he was happiest whom I smil'd on most.

*Rhe.* If happily from Kings I had descended,

With a bold Joy I should embrace this offer ;

I but indifferent Parentage can boast ;

A private Gentleman by you prefer'd,

Your favour was the Sun that warm'd my hopes,

And ripen'd with applause my undertakings ;

I am a Cloud will fully the bright Glory,

Which from your Eyes gives comfort to the World.

*Ory.* Honour atchiev'd is Reckon'd the most Noble,

The *Romans* thought the merits of the Sword,

Excel'd the Nobleness of long Succession ;

The famous *Marius* of *Plebian* Race,

The dignity of *Consul* bore seven times ;

Why should not Diamonds bear their worth in dirt,

Equal with those the flattering Artists set ?

But in this Age fantastick Ornaments,

Baffles the Honest, Plain, and solid Vertue.

*Rhe.*



*Rhe.* There's no avoiding of her meaning now,  
Through all my Cunning sliftings she has Cours'd me,  
And hunted my Excuses to a Bay : *aside.*  
Madam, like all your former favours, is this last,  
The Generous encouragement you give me,  
Upbraids my sence for wanting words to thank you ;  
Grant me a little Time to weigh this Goodness  
And I will study how to Answer it.

*Ory.* Had *Antelina* made this invitation,  
You would have had one ready.

*Rhe.* I do not understand. ———

*Ory.* 'Twere better if you had :  
But remember and Curse your folly.

*Rhe.* I have disturb'd her Soul, and in her Eye  
I see neglected greatness threaten high.

*Ory.* Make me no lower stoop thou Tyrant Love,  
I thought no possibility for this : *aside.*  
Does your Guilt make me Dumb ?

*Rhe.* I dare not speak, I see your Anger,  
And I dread your Frown : would I had never been.

*Ory.* Why ?

*Rhe.* Or else been yours.

*Ory.* Ha !

*Rhe.* Oh ! do not strike me Dead, but Mercy shew : *kneels*  
I see Revenge preparing for the blow,  
And fear there's no Avoiding of it now.

*Ory.* Shame and Dishonour of my Soul, What am I ?  
What is a Princess slighted by a Slave ?  
But think you I will bear it tamely Traitor ?  
No, if my Power can Purchase me revenge,  
Your *Antelina* quits the World this Moment ;  
In everlasting Solitude shall dwell,  
And Cloister'd be for ever from Man-kind.

*Rhe.* Oh hold ! I had forgot her Power, and with my  
Forward Zeal undo my Hopes.

*Ory.* Unhand me.

*Rhe.* I cannot till you recal your Doom.

*Ory.* Till you renounce her, my Decree stands firm.

*Rhe.*

*Rhe.* Take then, O! take the fatal secret from me,  
 For Death I know must wait on the Confession;  
 My Faith to her was Plighted long before  
 I knew the least intentions for this Match:  
 Give me some Time then but to weigh this goodness;  
 For tho' I see my Fortunes mended much,  
 I can't forget she once was all I hop'd for.

*Ory.* Will you resolve? or, ———

*Rhe.* I will. ———

*Ory.* What?

*Rhe.* Study to Love. ———

*Ory.* Whom?

*Rhe.* Oh! *Antelina*!

*Ory.* Villain.

*Stamps.*

*Rhe.* Yet stay.

*Ory.* I will not, Mercy nor Love, my Passion shall controule,  
 But as thou hast mine, I will Torment thy Soul.

*Rhe.* Yet mercy.

*Ory.* *Antelina.*

*Rhe.* Mercy.

*Ory.* Forsake her then.

*Rhe.* Would you not think it hard to have a claim  
 Below your own, deprive you of the Crown?  
 In love Pretentions like to those take place,  
 Nor durst I think of any to your Highness.

*Ory.* Canst thou neglect the Glories of a Princess  
 For mean delights in her indifferent Arms?

*Rhe.* Indifferent beings should their Equals choose;  
 The meanest sort: ———

*Ory.* Can then thy Soul be stinted to a being  
 And Covet nothing more beyond a Woman?  
 This mean Confession has alarm'd my Pride,  
 Ignoble Wretch! go Languish by her side:  
 The Honours which my favour on thee set,  
 Go lay 'em all at *Antelinas* feet:  
 Forget the Court and to a Cell retreat.  
 Oh! I betray my self, I must not stay;  
 Least I want Power to take my self away.

*Exit.*  
*How*



*Rhe.* How cross a fate has Heav'n appointed me,  
Was I preserv'd abroad to perish here,  
Through all the hazards which my life has run,  
Fortune-befriended me, and led me on,  
But now when most I want her, she is gone.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dorenalus with his Sword drawn.*

*Dor.* So is *Dorenalus*.

*Rhe.* Ha!

*Dor.* Draw *Rheusanes*.

*Rhe.* Wherefore?

*Dor.* Oh! thou hast bought a spot of Earth so cheap,  
That the whole World will envy the vast Purchase  
The Fruit it bears, like that of the first Tree,  
Which did betray mankind, has poyson'd me;  
If therefore you would keep it undisturb'd,  
The everlasting springing sweets still Chast,  
Immortal, like the power design'd 'em so.  
Cut off the Serpent which would blast its virtues,  
Would leave it a corrupted Root of Lust,  
Where sins would multiply with every Thought.

*Rhe.* Your mystick meaning yet I cannot guess;  
But if in me There's ought can make you happy,  
By all our Friendship you shall reap the blessing.

*Dor.* Friendship be ever banisht from out Hearts,  
I hate thee more then thou canst love thy Comfort;  
Draw, or by the power which thus distracts my Temper,  
I'll kill thee like a Slave which wrongs Mans Honour;  
And then wants Courage to redress the affront.

*Rhe.* Thou knowest I do not fear: [draws.  
But, for thy Sisters sake whom I have Lov'd. —

*Dor.* Whom thou hast Lov'd, — thy Heart.

*Rhe.* Through it ungrateful, have I nurs'd thy Youth  
With all the tender Care of friendships Eye;  
And this my Recompence disclose your heart:  
Lay forth the Troubles which afflict it thus,  
Then if I have the Power to heal your wrongs,  
And do refuse, I'll meet thy Passion  
As becomes, *Rheusanes*.

*Dor.* Thou wilt not.

*Rhe.* Try me, you never found me Faithless yet.

*Dor.* Do not Urge me.

*Rhe.* I must.

*Dor.* Let thy Sword rip my Breast up.

And in my Heart thou'lt find the secret written.

*Rhe.* Friendship forbid it ;

Delay no longer.

*Dor.* Oh ! I am lost.

[ *fall in Rhe. Arms.*

*Rhe.* Thou art not, here's thy Guide.

*Dor.* *Oryala.*

*Rhe.* What of her ?

*Dor.* You'll laugh at me.

*Rhe.* Hate me then justly,

*Dor.* Do you not love her ?

*Rhe.* No.

*Dor.* But she does you.

*Rhe.* Is it my fault, would you kill me for that ?

*Dor.* No, I would not now, but long since I could ;

I love her Friend.

*Rhe.* Thy Friend resigns her to thee.

*Dor.* Oh ! she has given *Rheusanes* all her heart ;  
And for *Dorenalis* she has no room.

*Rhe.* Approach her, make thy sufferings known,  
Who knows but Heav'n may plead in thy behalf,  
Or, she when knowing how our Loves are crost ;  
May by thy Tongue be mov'd to set 'em right.

*Dor.* Ye pitying powers befriend me but in this,  
And all my daies I'll sacrifice in Thanks.

Can you forgive ? *Rhe.* What ?

*Dor.* The Unruly Method which I us'd just now.

*Rhe.* Fogive, I thank the occasion which has set us right,  
And prov'd how strong my Faith is to your Sister.

No more : hast to the Princess, and relate your Passion,

May all the charms of Love and Youth wait on thee.

*Dor.* I have full power to work her as I please.

*Rhe.* I'll bless the skill that cures my Friends Disease.

*End of the First Act.*

*Exeunt.*

*Act.*



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 ACT II. SCENE I.
 

---

*Enter Rheufanes and Antelina.*

*Rhe.* O H! *Antelina*, why this strange disorder?  
 Why, are thy Eyes in which our loves have plaid,  
 And mov'd with Pleasure as thy fancy taught 'em?  
 Now overcast with such a dismal change,  
 As quite confounds my senses with the wonder.

*Ant.* How can you ask the cause of my Affliction,  
 When you the Author of it know too well?

*Rhe.* By all our Vows you tax me most unjustly,  
 Oh! may I perish when I wrong my Love;  
 Or never more be happy in my Wishes.

*Ant.* *Oryala*, the Princess, Oh! that mighty Name,  
 Has cancel'd all your Promises to me;  
 A Crown, a Crown *Rheufanes* is your Mistress now.

*Rhe.* Be witness for me, he that made us love,  
 I would not leave thee for an endless life;  
 Of endless Youth.

*Ant.* Oh! you flatter me.

*Rhe.* Unkind suspector.

Durst my Tongue express my prompting fancy,  
 I fear I should Blaspheme in praising You;  
 So much above all things I do esteem you.

*Ant.* Oh! for *Rheufanes* too, I've that esteem;  
 The original impression of my heart,  
 Who first taught Fondness in my tender Soul;  
 And linkt it to unspeakable desire:  
 But you'll not have the power to shun her love,  
 For there is such Temptation in her Face;  
 It might persuade a second Angels fall.

*Rhe.* Not have the Power, Yes?  
 Were she bright as the first Glorious Angel,



Fair as Imagination could Present her ?  
 Could tire fancy to relate her Beauties,  
 I have a Soul that would despise her Charms.

*Ant.* My Soul disdains a greater then the Princes ;  
 The King *Rheusanes* has declar'd he loves me :  
 This Night I am Commanded to receive him ;  
 Nay, order'd to approve his Royal Offers.

*Rhe.* By whom ?

*Ant.* My Father what he intends, I yet am ignorant ;  
 But I must meet him.

*Rhe.* Must *Antelina* ?

Yes, I must, *Rheusanes*.

Yet tho' my Fathers Will side with the Kings,  
 And the King thinks he may compel through him ;  
 I'll meet him with such Faith to what I love,  
 That he shall never cherish hope in me.

*Rhe.* I find the Purpose now of the Kings kindness,  
 And separating Mischiefs are Contriving ;  
 Oh *Antelina* ! therefore hear me swear,  
 If our intentions should be frustrated,  
 By the designs I guess in Agitation ;  
 By that most glorious Ornament of Heav'n,  
 Which beautifies the Ceiling of the World ;  
 The Moment that I loose thee, [ *Points to his Sword.* ]  
 This ends me.

*Ant.* And here I swear by the dear, [ *kneels.* ]  
 Freedom which this Glass contains : [ *Pulls out the Vial.* ]  
 ( Which I design'd for ease hadst thou been false )  
 By all the hopes we may not be prevented, if we are,  
 This Spirit gives me a Release from being.

*Rhe.* The Gods prevent the fatal proof of it.

*Ant.* Amen with all my Soul.

*Rhe.* Your Brother now is with *Oryala* ;  
 Thou art not dearer to my Soul, then is that Name to his ;  
 I promised him Assistance in his Passion,  
 And he has vow'd the same where I am Captive ;  
 This Night then, Oh ! my comfort lets remove,  
 All fears that may afflict us with our falsehoods.

*Ghimotto appears in the Balcony.*

*Ghi.* Ha!

*Ant.* I fear it will be difficult to do,  
For since the King has publisht his Intentions;  
The Clergy will refuse to Licence us.

*Rhe.* Without the Walls, you know, there is a Chappel,  
That is confirm'd to the Worship of, our Swaines;  
There only, and only theirs:  
This is their time of Feastival and Marrying,  
With Rural Sports the Nymphs the Shepherds treat;  
And 'tis the custom of that happy Race,  
To chuse their Lovers by their Excellence.

*Ant.* As how?

*Rhe.* As thus, their Ceremonies are attended,  
With Antick measures by the Nymphs performed;  
Whose motion best delights the eye,  
Is pitched on for a Bride, the Swain whom  
She affects is streight made hers:  
So they proceed to others in their turn,  
Continuing Celebrating for three daies;  
So masqu'd and drest we will perform amongst 'em,  
So chose the Priest shall ratify our Vows.

*Ghi.* They shall be ratified to my desires.

*Ant.* Then are you constant? Oh! you abus'd dear Man,  
My fearful Soul with doubts has been perfect;  
Perswaded by my Father thou wert false.

*Rhe.* Would he were half so just as I shall prove,  
Were less Ambitious. ———

*Ant.* Or would let us Love.

*Rhe.* In spite of him we will our Loves compleat,  
Then Triumph o're the envy of the great;  
This night at nine within the *Cyprus* Grove,  
Your Father will be busied then at Court.

*Ghi.* Do you think so?

*Ant.* Fail not, the everlasting Peace or Troubles of my life,  
Depend upon thy Truth.

*Rhe.* Off with these needless fears,  
Oh! that the hour were come to Usher in

The



The yet untasted Joys, how I will gaze upon  
Thy Charms, and dye in the admiring.

*Ant.* You must not. —

*Rhe.* What?

*Ant.* Behold me till to morrow.

*Rhe.* Ha!

*Ant.* Virgins have Eyes too tender for the Light,  
Prithee excuse my Modesty some time :  
Let us i'th' Dark receive each others Love.

*Rhe.* Thou shalt, I will not shame thee with a Lovers  
Question, I will not speak to thee ; the thought  
Of what's to come does almost silence me ;  
If apprehension has such influence,  
How will the real pleasure wrap my sence ?

*Ant.* Away.

*Rhe.* I cannot.

*Ghi.* I must.

[ *retires from the Balcony.*

*Ant.* This will not hold thee long ;  
I shall grow Old.

[ *Embrace her.*

*Rhe.* Thou wilt be ever Young.

*Enter Page.*

*Page,* Madam, your Father and the King.

*Ant.* Then we must part.

*Rhe.* Adieu.

*Ant.* Till nine.

*Rhe.* That happy Hour,  
Shall lead our Loves beyond thy Fathers Power.

[ *Exit. Rhe.*

*Ant.* Now for this King, O! my Ambitious Father.  
Destructive greatness has bewitch'd his Soul ;  
And mine must be a Sacrifice to gain it :  
Hard fate of Children which are bound to love,  
Not what themselves, but Parents do approve.

*Enter King and Ghinotto.*

*Ghi.* 'Tis the securest way that can be thought of,  
About it then use all thy Art, my Power,  
Or what thou shalt think fit.

[ *Exit. Ghi.*

*Ant.* How he surveighs me ?

Ye Powers that favour constant Lovers,  
Direct his heart to one not yet engaged.

*King*, Fair Excellence.

*Ant*. My most honoured Prince.

*King*, What brings me here; I'm sensible you know?  
Your Father having told you by my Order;  
Oh! flight not therefore thou all conquering Maid,  
The faithful offerings of a love-bound Heart;  
Unhappy only in not being the first,  
Was taken Prisoner by those restless eyes.

*Ant*. Since by your Royal Order I am sent,  
By my one Father here, to wait upon your Pleasure;  
To hear ( as you are pleas'd to say ) your love  
Far fitter for an equal Royalty;  
With such respect I'll entertain your story,  
As does a double Duty now require.

*King*, The entertainment of a double Duty,  
Can never satisfy my greedy Passion:  
Oh! give me but your single love to feed on,  
'Twill gratifie my Soul Luxuriously;  
But Duty without Inclination serve me.

*Ant*. To love my Prince I ever was instructed,  
'Twas in my early grounds of living taught;  
And nourisht by a natural Inclination.

*King* That love is but an awful Duty still,  
Which for a Love like mine I will pay you;  
Thus, be Commanded, thus, becomes your Subject, [*kneels*  
Thus, ever pay your Tribute as my Sovereign.

*Ant*. Justly you do disgrace me with this usage,  
Putting my backward Duty in Remembrance, [*kneels*  
Of its neglect in doing thus no sooner.

*King*, How cunningly she seems to avoid my meaning;  
Rise subtle Beauty, I know this Part's as hard  
For you to act, as me to like:  
Throw off this art of distance in behaviour,  
And give my plain and worthy meanings welcome!  
Oh! do not shun the merits of my love,  
But meet 'em with a generous Gratitude.

*Ant*.



*Ant.* Impossible!

*King,* Pity a Prince who never beg'd before;  
Nay, never lov'd till *Antelina* charm'd him:  
As the rich *Indies* in their secret Pride,  
Whilst undiscover'd flourish'd and were great;  
So was my heart till love surpriz'd it quite,  
My richer Peace was fatally betray'd;  
And by thy powerful Beauty captive made.

*Ant.* The *Spaniards* who that Wealthy soil subdued,  
As the first Conquerours still their Title keep;  
I was besieged long time ago by one,  
Who came in the pursuit of unknown Land:  
It was my heart, he was first that found it,  
He put such strong Passion in the place,  
That nothing e're can Master it again.

*King,* Why, I can force thee, storm thee, and destroy  
His weak resistance and thy obstinate will;  
As easily as I can take my Rivals life:  
But I by gentler means would gain thy heart,  
And mercifully treat so fair a Foe;  
Prithee resign.

*Ant.* I dare not.

*King,* I will Protect thee for it;  
I'll make thee all Ambition can invent,  
My Crown, my Glories at thy feet I'll lay.

*Ant.* I will not yield, tho' for the crime I perish.

*King,* Do not provoke my rage,  
Think on thy Duty, on my Power.

*Ant.* They'r great Temptations, but they cannot Conquer,  
There's something Irresistable within,  
Which baffles reason by stubborn fancy;  
The rules of what we ought to do dispises,  
Or coming all with positive desire.

*King,* When two desires both positive alike,  
Meet with a Resolution to destroy each other,  
Or bring both to one oppinion;  
'Tis certain one must loose,  
Mine has a Power to back what it pretends to;

And erring beauty thou shalt find too late  
What slighted Love joyn'd with that power can do.

*Ant.* Alas, I know it makes a dreadful Tyrant,  
Yet I will bear its utmost persecution,  
Rather than prejudice my plighted Faith.

*King,* Its Persecution will not light on you;  
Suppose I long'd to tast of a fair Fruit,  
A fordid Miser would not part with,  
Should I for that destroy the Tree that bore it,  
No, cut the Keeper off whose interest guards it,  
Then satisfy my longings uncontroll'd :  
*Rheusanes* is the Dragon guards this Tree,  
Which e're I can possess, first he must die.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* He's gone, yet wherefore should I dread him,  
*Rheusanes* interest cannot want Protection,  
Nor dare this King without good grounds destroy him ;  
The hour draws on will make him ever mine,  
And banish all my cares : Oh Time !  
Thou ever marching, yet untired Spirit  
Of unaccountable Eternity, start from thy  
Constant course to help my Love ;  
Hast but this once, to give my longings ease,  
And be as slow hereafter as you please.

[*Exit*

*Enter King and Oryala.*

*Ory.* I beg it may not be ; yet break it off.

*King,* It must be done, *Oryala*, 'tis too far gone  
To be prevented now ; you know he has forsaken  
*Antelina*.

*Ory.* Indeed he has not, Sir, she still remains  
The Idol of his heart ; 'tis not an hour since  
He parted from her with all the assurance of  
His constancy.

*King,* No matter for his Constancy ;  
You follow my directions ;  
Embrace the offers which I have propos'd,  
Or all your interest to the Crown forsakes you.

*Ory.* For Honour sake, Sir, let me stand at distance,  
Let me not make so mean a Condescension.



*King*, State Policy enforces me to do it ;  
He's grown too popular, and shakes my safety,  
Unless I do unite his Power with mine.

*Ory*. What comfort can I hope from one that hates me ?

*King*, I know that you Love him.

*Ory*. I must acknowledge my desires are towards him,  
Did but his inclinations wait on mine.  
But when I think of future disrespect,  
Hereafter slights, and distant entertainment,  
I of my Love will make a Sacrifice,  
Rather then wed the least of these Disturbers.

*King*, When it is done, as well he may curse Heav'n,  
As meditate indifference towards thy merit.

*Ory*. I fear the Event.

*King*, Whom I Protect methinks should scorn to fear.  
No more of these Excuses, but accept it ;  
Heirs I must have : I will not Marry for 'em,  
Unless thy obstinacy force me to it.

*Ory*. Be witness Heav'n in what I must perform ;  
I cross my own desire to pleasure yours.

*King*, About it speedily ;  
If you refuse, consider I must Wed,  
Accept, my Crown devolves upon your head.

[Exit.

*Ory*. What shall I do ? I long, and yet I fear,  
Hate him when present, fond of him not near ;  
Oh ! I am lost between these harsh extreams,  
Love drives me downward its impatient streams,  
And e're a perfect Voyage I can make,  
My will against the Rock of Pride does shake,  
Ambition storms, and Honour drives me back.

}  
[Exit.

*Enter Ghinotto at one door, Dorenalus at another.*

*Ghi*. Why this disorder'd carriage in my son ?  
Heavy disquiet sits upon his brow,  
With an unusual solitude admir'd  
I will observe him.

*Dor*. How am I curst with that disturber Love ?  
My wretched Heart 'twixt hope and fear is wrackt,

And



And yet I dare not own what may relieve me.

*Ghi.* How's this?

*Dor.* If I should tell her of my sufferings,  
This eating Feavor which consumes my Youth,  
And then instead of pitying, she should scorn me;  
Why what a Mock of mankind would it make me;  
Who'd Point, and say, That is the haughty Thing,  
Who thought his Passion worthy of a Princess,  
And fond of the conceit, Undid himself.

*Ghi.* Dorenalus!

*Dor.* My Lord.

*Ghi.* You seem surpriz'd.

*Dor.* I did not think of any one so near me. [*Aside.*]

*Ghi.* You were discoursing with your self *Dorenalus*,  
What was the Subject?

*Dor.* Only contriving something for the Army.

*Ghi.* Is it in Love, then?

*Dor.* Sir.

*Ghi.* My Son!

*Dor.* The Army in Love!

*Ghi.* Ay in love; you talkt of Passion, Princess, and Conceit,  
Are such things proper for an Army?

*Dor.* Proper for an Army!

*Ghi.* Ay proper Boy; Why dost thou baulk my Questions  
With these shiftings, unmannerly repeatings?

*Dor.* Duty forbids ill manners to my Father.

*Ghi.* Give proper answers then.

What is the cause of your Retirement?

Your shunning Conversation?

Somewhat usurps the custom of your Heart,

Which sullys all your manly Qualities.

*Dor.* We are not alwaies Masters of one Temper,  
'Tis as the bloods inconstant method pleases:  
For from its Springs the fancy takes her current.  
Still changing with its Motion.

*Ghi.* But still there is a Reason why it changes:  
The Ocean never storms without a wind,  
Nor does hot *Ætna* burn without a Fire;

But why this strange impertinent argument ?  
Do you distrust the friendship of your Father ?  
That Erringly you would conceal your Troubles.

*Dor.* I never had a thought so base within me ;  
I was considering on *Rheufanes* falshood,  
The Injuries my Sister would receive  
By his proud Marriage with *Oryala*.

*Ghi.* He has this Night, in private, sworn to Marry her.

*Dor.* Whom, Sir.

*Ghi.* Your Sister, 'Tis near his hour of Promise,  
And see he's coming this way ; although I wish the Match,  
I will not own it, nor would I have you seen in it,  
Let him accomplish his Designs alone,  
Least the Displeasure of the King should seize us ;  
I must attend him instantly.

[ *Exit Ghi.*

*Enter Rheufanes.*

*Rheu.* Dorenalus !

*Dor.* My Lord !

*Rhe.* My friend, what still in sadness ?  
How does the progress of your Love succeed ?  
How does *Oryala* take the charming sound ?

*Dor.* By Heav'n I could not tell her that I lov'd ;  
My Resolution was with fears o're press'd,  
And I stood gazing only on a Picture.

*Rhe.* Had you no talk ?

*Dor.* A few uneasy Passages o' th' War,  
Joyn'd with the troublesom praise of your desert ;  
How many excellent faculties were in you :  
She askt me if you were not brave, discreet,  
Sincere, gentle, impartial, friendly, pitiful,  
I know not what ; her whole discourse,  
All questions were of you, and much ado  
I answered yes to all.

*Rhe.* Come, lead me to thy Sister ; when I'm hers,  
Who knows but the exchange may raise  
The Passion of the deluded Princess to that height ;  
She may in scorn to me accept thy love,  
Thinking thy Greatness may my Ruin prove.

*Dor.*



*Dor.* The hope of that is all my comfort now.  
 I must attend my Father, who tho' he knows  
 The depth of your design would have it thought;  
 He does not; that when the business is declar'd  
 To th' King, he may with equal strangeness be surpriz'd.

*Rhe.* Farewel; then till to Morrow;  
 Oh *Dorenalus*! the fears I have my wishes may,  
 Miscarry nothing can recompence:  
 But *Antelina*.

*Dor.* She is by this time in the *Cypress Grove*;  
 May secrecy and safety wait upon you.

*Rhe.* Like a Rich Miser with his hoarded store,  
 Bound to remove it to some distant part;  
 Which e're he can arrive at must pass through,  
 All necessary Waies for Villains purposes:  
 His fears Transform each Bush into a Foe,  
 Waiting to Plunder him of all his Wealth;  
 So will my passage with your Sister be,  
 But when the uneasy timerous *March* is past,  
 And I attain my wisht for Home at last:  
 With greedy Joy my Treasure I'll survey,  
 Whilst Love shall pass the safe got Hours away.

*Exeunt severally. End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Dorenalus meeting a Page.*

*Dor.* IS your Lord stirring?  
*Page,* He's coming forth, Sir.

*Enter Rheusanes, They Embrace.*

*Dor.* Good morning to my Friend, Health to his Pleasures,  
 May everlasting comfort Crown his choice;  
 With fresh delights still growing with his daies.

*Rhe.* Oh! my friend.

Bless



Blest be the Obligation made us Brothers ;  
 May thy desires like mine be gratified,  
 With all the abundance of a Covetuous Love.

*Dor.* Let fortune entertain me as she pleases,  
 Since I am satisfied my friend is just :  
 Doubly you have oblig'd our Family,  
 That could forgo so charming a Temptation ;  
 To make my Sister and my self thus happy.

*Rhe.* Doubly I have obliged my self in that,  
 Serving my Friend and blessing of my self ;  
 The comfortable joys I have receiv'd,  
 Nothing can match but this ensuing night,  
 Greedy of Love I curst the hasty day :  
 Wishing the Sun his Thetis lap might want,  
 When he most long'd to cool his eager fire.

*Dor.* Lets see this happy Bride ?

*Rhe.* I have not that my self nor must till the,  
 King enters ; i'th' Dark, I was conducted to her ;  
 And cause I should not see her in the Morning,  
 She hurried me into an outward Room :  
 Begging in whispers that I would obey.

*Dor.* Maids the first night are liable to shame,  
 And would not have their bashfulness perceiv'd ;  
 But quickly use instructs 'em to be bold,  
 Knowledge inflames what ignorance made cold.

*Rhe.* You are experienc'd Brother, where's the King ?

*Dor.* The King is coming full of his gratitude,  
 For your great Merrits, the Princess too,  
 They say's as fond as he to recompence 'em ;  
 The affected Court looks like a Theatre,  
 Where gaudy greatness struts in ample manner ;  
 Each seeming Courtier that could credit get,  
 Looks like an heir of Quality.

*Rhe.* Tho' to my longings happily I'm matcht,  
 I must the goodness of my Master Honour ;  
 Since his intentions were so full of greatness,  
 He did surprize the Merrits of my service ;  
 As much as he o'weigh'd 'em,

When

When he the Princess offer'd to reward 'em.

*Dor.* The best of Honours Offices you had,  
And well he knew 'twas she alone could mend 'em ;  
Yet, if I thought *Rheusanes* did repent. ———

*Rhe.* Repent ! You cannot think so basely of your friend,  
'Tis an incumbent debt upon our Duty,  
To thank the good affections of our Prince ;  
That when the just acknowledgment is made,  
The honest Conscience rests secure from censure ;  
So far I'm from repenting what is done,  
That had I *Antelina* never seen,  
With decency I would have shun'd the Princess.

*Dor.* Why ?

*Rhe.* Such Royal Matches have to Subjects given,  
Fatal Pretentions to disturb a State :  
And private families have factions rais'd,  
To question that which if they had a right to ;  
So much Precedency was then in being,  
That probably their distant Alienation  
Might perish e're a second heir was Crown'd.

*Dor.* These Reasons Oppositions are to me,  
Not to desire the Princess.

*Rhe.* If without jealousy I might persuade,  
I'd beg thee to desist ; Oh ! my Brother,  
Ambitions portion is Tumultuous cares,  
Endless disorder, never resting forecast ;  
Still plotting to maintain their envy'd greatness,  
And how to make it greater :  
Seek out some Beauty equal to thy Birth,  
Even in temper charming in decent Duty ;  
Whose courteous care shall still her Lords attend,  
Endeavouring to divert those do disturb him.

*Enter Page.*

*Page,* My Lord the King.

*Rhe.* Now my Brother let us stem this storm,  
And fear shall ne're disturb us for the future.

*Dor.* Twere fit I should retire till the discoveries over.

*Rhe.* Do then, and pray for our success. [ *Exit. Dor.*

*Enter*



*Enter King, Ghinotto, Attendants.*

*King*, Not ready yet *Rheusanes*? Trust me were some to Wed so rich a Bride they would not be so backward;  
For shame more speed.

*Rhe*. I'm ready, Sir, — come forth my blessing,  
I could not loose a Night of so much goodness;  
My Love o'recame my Manners and my Duty,  
Which here I must implore a Pardon for.

[ *kneels*.

*King*, For what?

*Rhe*. For stealing of a Bride without your presence,  
And tho' the Mercy of my Prince forsake me;  
Here is a Father sure will plead for me.

*Ghi*. My Lord!

*Rhe*. My Father, will you not own me, Sir?

*King*, What means he?

*Ghi*. I cannot guess?

*King*, *Rheusanes*.

*Rhe*. Ay, Sir, *Rheusanes*, your Loyal Subject,  
And that good Mans Son; why art so slow?  
My joy in what must be, come forth  
And stand it with thy Lords assurance.

*King*, Thou art not well, *Rheusanes*.

*Rhe*. Never so well so happy or so blest,  
Since the first airing of my fences, Sir.

*Goes and leads in Oryala, unveil'd.*

This is the happy Author of my Transport,  
Here must we sue for Pardon; here for

Blessing, ———

[ *Points to the King and Ghi*.

*King*, Unvail this Riddle

[ *she unveils her self*.

*Oryala*.

*Ghi*. The Princess!

*Rhe*. Convulsions choak me.

[ *aside*.

*King*, Rise my intentions Fair,  
You might have trusted General your Prince;  
I should not have prevented what is done:  
Credit me Sister, you were in haste for love,  
That could not stay till morning to confirm it,  
But I forgive your secrecie, *Rheusanes*:

And



And here I own thee Brother to the Crown.

*Rhe.* And Heir to all Misfortune.

*King,* When were ye Wedded ?

*Ory.* Last night, Sir, at the Shepherds Chappel ;

We did perform too in their innocent sport,  
And were according to their custom marry'd,  
Being disguis'd as Partners in their Living.

*King,* Pretty diversions sure and innocent :  
It shews the Emblem of long happiness.

*Rhe.* Of long Confusion.

[*Aside.*

*King,* Be not dismay'd, *Rheufanes*, I am pleas'd.

*Rhe.* I know it.

*King,* And for a Proof, my liking is with thine ;  
Three daies we dedicate to Revelling ;  
And to divert the intervals of Feasting,  
We'll have the Ceremony of the Swains,  
By the best Artists of our Land perform'd.  
And you *Oryala* must instructions give ;  
Triumphant pleasures shall our streets adorn ;  
Our Altars shall with richest Incense burn ;  
A general Feastival the Land shall keep,  
And waking Joy deny the God of Sleep :  
I will give Orders for the vast delight,  
And wait my self as Brideman to this Night.

*Exeunt all but Rheufanes.*

*Rhen.* A fatal meaning bore that pamper'd speech,  
And his pretended Honours for this Match,  
Are but as Prologue to his own Performance,  
The fancy'd Scene 'twixt him and *Antelina* :  
Methinks I bear my losses evenly,  
With an indifferent Temper till my Ruin,  
As if my faculties were tyr'd with raving ;  
Why should I not curse out on all above,  
To draw a Bolt that might destroy the Curser.

*Enter Dorenalus.*

*Dorenalus* comes ! why let him come,  
No Plague can go beyond the store I have.

*Crosses the Stage looking at Rheufanes.*

Now I am poor indeed ; not worth a Word  
 From him I have most wrong'd,  
 When a brave Soul's oppress'd does it not speak,  
 Does it not strive to rectify its wrongs,  
 With a just punishment on the Inflictor ;  
 I am beneath his wrath, curst Wretch indeed,  
 Too base to live, and yet too loath'd to bleed.

*Re-enter Dorenalus.*

*Dor.* I cannot go till I have told my wrongs;  
 How much I suffer by his Perjury,  
 And when I've lash'd his Soul with my Complaints,  
 I'll ease my own of care, and of the World.

*Rhe.* He comes again ; Oh ! thou just fearful heart,  
 Which trembles like a Wretch who dreads his Sentence,  
 When his own Conscience tells him he is guilty.

*Dor.* Sir.

*Rhe.* How Awkardly he does affect this strangeness !

*Dor.* General.

*Rhe.* Again.

*Dor.* My Lord, *Rheusanes* !

*Rhe.* Ridiculous.

*Dor.* Will you not speak ?

*Rhe.* To whom ?

*Dor.* A Friend.

*Rhe.* There is but one has Title to that Name,  
 And him I've too much wrong'd to see his face.

*Dor.* Turn, Oh perfidious ! for you cannot shun me ;  
 As well may Sinners, at the last sad Day,  
 Endeavour to obscure themselves from Judgment,  
 As you avoid my Injuries accusation.

*Rhe.* What wouldst thou have ?

*Dor.* I would relate the story of my wrongs,  
 Than part for ever from thy Perjur'd presence.

*Rhe.* Go on then and be quick ;  
 And when you've scourg'd me as you think enough,  
 Send *Antelina* to correct me more.

*Dor.* Oh ! Thou hast wrong'd that Innocence

Beyond



Beyond the hope of all repentance

To the Gods for mercy.

*Rhe.* I know't, and therefore do despair of any :

Alas, I've shaken hands with Hope long since,  
Have taken leave of Comfort ; there's nothing  
That's related to Content but I have quarrel'd with.  
I have made a League with *Anguish* and *Despair* ;  
The Devil drew the Articles, all Hell witnessed 'em,  
And I despise the malice of the Stars.

*Dor.* Crown'd mad ! or dost affect it ?

*Rhe.* Neither ; but have I not enough to make me so,  
To find thee here a worrying of my Conscience,  
To hear thee bark my Perjuries against me ;  
To see thy Sister lost to all recovery ;  
To find my self betray'd I know not how ;  
Yet to be thought designer of the Plot,  
Would make a mortal temper sure distracted.  
But mine's Prodigious !

*Dor.* This will not do, *Rheusanes*, I call to mind  
Your reasons lately urg'd 'gainst my admiring *Oryala*,  
Could any but a Husband Preach such Doctrine ;  
Jealous of losing what was in possession.  
Endeavouring to divert my thoughts elsewhere,  
The Imposition is so gross and base,  
You cannot think me man to hear the Lie.

*Rhe.* By all my Woes, I am as ignorant as you.

*Dor.* Impossible !

Oh ! how you hung on the related Joies  
You had possess'd the last dear happy night.  
With such delight you dwelt upon the Tale,  
You tasted 'em again in the description ;  
Yet Ignorant ! Curses blast thee !

*Rhe.* Do.

*Dor.* The Curse of Expectation without success,  
Of inward Love not daring to discover,  
The Curse of Want, with Pride to hide its longings,  
Gaul thy false heart, and rot thy canker'd Soul.

*Rhe.* As heartily as home ; Oh ! for some means.



To work him to a height, might make him  
Quite forget all bounds and kill me.

Thou hast done well, disgrac'd my Honour as thy  
Heart desir'd ; but say no more, lest my rous'd  
Temper should forget all mercy, and pay thy folly  
With a sad Revenge.

*Dor.* If I would fight with you, your Guilt's so great,  
Your Sword would never pierce my honest flesh.

*Rhe.* That shall be try'd, for now I recollect,  
Your Sister was before design'd the King's ;  
And when I askt you to go with me to her,  
You did deny it as your Father's Order.  
By Heav'n you were assistant in the Cheat ;  
You were the Bawd, the Mercenary Bawd,  
And chaffer'd with Preferment for your Sister.

*Dor.* Your Oath to this, resembles those you swore  
To that deluded Maid.

Asham'd of Life, you would provoke a Death,  
To drive you from the Terrors of your Conscience,  
Thou hast a Fiend now whispers in thy ear,  
Thou art damn'd, Despair and die.

*Rhe.* Audacious upstart, dar'st thou talk unarm'd ?  
Draw, or through thy breast I will pursue my Sword,  
Till the sharp Point find thy false heart.

*Dor.* Sooner you'll bury it within that breast ;  
But here's a faithful one would fain embrace it ;  
Keep me not on the Wrack thus miserably,  
But give the stroke of mercy and relieve me.

*Rhe.* Thou art a Coward.

*Dor.* Therefore kill me lest I spoil the Army.

*Rhe.* A Slave would sell thy Country for a Dollar.

*Dor.* Let thy Sword prevent it.

*Rhe.* Procurer for thy Sister !

*Dor.* Now revenge thy self for I did steal her  
For the King and Robb'd thee.

*Rhe.* Oh ! I desire no more, you Sup this night in Hell,  
With all your Sins attending you with Torments ;  
But first I'll as a Villain and a Coward use thee.

Thus

Thus we deal with Cowards.

[strikes him.

Dor. Hold thee a Minute.

Rhe. Draw then.

Dor. I will.

[draws.

And that I may not be provok't by any

Usage you'll inflict on me, I here resign

What might protect me from it, [throws him his Sword.

Now *Rheusanes* ———

Rhe. Death, Hell, and Vengeance I'll endure no longer,  
Come to my Arms thou injur'd Innocence: [kneels

Oh! Pardon; Pardon, my last frantick Measures.

Dor. Oh! rise my Lord, and do not mock my Sufferings.

Rhe. By all thy martyr'd Patience it is real;

Nor will I rise till I hear Pardon from thee.

Dor. For what?

Rhe. I struck thee Friend.

Dor. I have forgot it.

Rhe. Disgrac't thy Honour.

Dor. I think not of it ——— Oh! *Rheusanes* but no more.

Rhe. Yes, I will talk for ever on thy goodness,  
Angels Protect and Guide thee in all thy Waies;  
And everlasting happiness attend thee.

Dor. Now I am happy, the utmost I desir'd was to part  
Friends, to make you sensible of what you had  
Done and then to leave you.

Rhe. Leave me.

Dor. For ever, and for ever, we must part,  
Oh! *Rheusanes* to stay in sight of such a loss as mine;  
Would tempt me to do something Base and Damnable.

Rhe. Time may alter.

Dor. Nor Time, nor Fate, can alter my condition,  
Would the Law serve so far as to divorce you;  
Would the King after give *Oryala*  
To these (Oh! curst remembrance) once most longing arms;  
It would not bear the name of recompence;  
The Treasures gone which I so much ador'd,  
And tho' she may that ne're can be restor'd,

Rhe. Are there no means to help us.

Dor.



*Dor.* None but parting if thou art Innocent,  
The Gods reward thee with some future blessing.

*Rhe.* How can you bless what you so lately Curst?

*Dor.* 'Twas only to provoke you to destroy me.

*Rhe.* My usage had the same design on you.

*Dor.* Farewel.

How hard it is to part with what we Love,

Oh! had the Princess never been thy wife;

Had she been any others, had she been lewd,

As the worst Womans fancy,

This bosom would have given my Troubles ease;

But Oh! *Rheufanes*,

Who will not pity that shall read my end,

Rob'd of my Mistress by my only friend.

*Exit. Dorez.*

*Rhe.* Wilt thou not hide me Earth?

[ falls down.

*Enter Oryala.*

*Ory.* Yonder he lies; Curst, Curst, *Ghinotto*, how hast  
Thou betray'd me

Thou irresistible and Cruel Power?

Which has so partially confin'd my heart,

If you would have it faithful to your Worship;

Give ear to the Intercession of my Love:

And make me happy in this Lords affection.

For if that scorn does still possess his Soul,

I'll fly to th' refuge of a just revenge,

And will despise thee equal to his slights.

*Rhe. Oryala*, how my Plagues grow upon me!

*Ory.* Oh! Rise *Rheufanes*, is this a Bed for a Royal  
Bridegroom.

*Rhe.* No, but for a Perjur'd one it is  
Made wretched by thy means.

Prithee befriend me and withdraw thy terrors;

There are ten thousand Mischiefs in thy presence.

*Ory.* I am no Basilisk.

*Rhe.* Oh! that you were, you would be comfortable to  
These Eyes, and ease 'em of the Torment of beholding.

*Ory.* Are these the Pleasures I must hope from Marriage?

*Rhe.* Why didst thou Marry me?

[ Rises.

And



*Ory.* Because I lov'd, because I could not live  
In peace or rest without you.

*Rhe.* Oh ! you will never with me,  
My wrongs to *Antelina* cry for Justice ;  
And Envy grins to see me so unhappy.

*Ory.* Oh, *Rheusanes* !

*Rhe.* Oh, *Oryala* ! I dare not call thee Wife,  
It is too much to know thou art that thing.  
With what afflictions hast thou loaded me,  
I groan beneath the burthen of my thoughts,  
And am not able to endure the Torture !  
Hell ! Hell that owns me ! why dost let me live !

*Ory.* Oh ! Chide me if you must a little gentlier !  
I cannot suffer these unequal Passions  
From one I Love so much.

*Rhe.* What wouldst thou have me do ?  
There is no Medium in my Miseries ;  
My Friend to my *Dorenalus* my promis'd Brother ;  
That Soul of Honour, Constancy, and Friendship  
Have I beyond recovery lost and ruin'd.

*Ory.* How have you ruin'd him ? I can perceive  
No ruin but my own.

*Rhe.* He lov'd you Princess, he indeed ador'd you,  
Your Name was his delight, your sight his food ;  
I swore to him I'd never wrong his hopes,  
And the same Night for ever ruin'd 'em.

*Ory.* His Love was only known to himself and you,  
I could not answer what I never knew ;  
Yet if I had been acquainted with his Love,  
You could not think I would have cherish'd it ;  
You were the only Subject I could stoop to,  
Look back upon my Generosity :  
Reflect upon my Care for your Preferment,  
Private you came unheaded to the Court,  
Till my regarding Eye your Person chose,  
And to my Brothers favour did present you.

*Rhe.* You have sold that goodness at too dear a Rate.

*Ory.* Oh ! say not so,

Since you are sensible o'th' weight of love,  
 Pitty what under the same load does move ;  
 By all the Joys you coveted last night,  
 When with your eager Arms you Prest me close. ———

*Rhe.* Those Joys do prove my greatest Torments,  
 Oh ! if our scatter'd Loves have chance to meet,  
 And fill'd thee with the Image of thy wishes ;  
 May it be blasted at its dawn of light,  
 And stifled as 'tis crawling to the World.

*Ory.* Consider who I am.

*Rhe.* Thou art my Wife, my Wretched unintended Wife,  
 Fortune that Bawd to accidents has  
 Slur'd thee on me.

*Ory.* I am thy Princess too.

*Rhe.* No, you were, Oh ! that you still had born  
 That awful Name, I still had paid Obedience  
 To your will ; but now I Rule, I Reign,  
 And Lord it o're thee as becomes my pleasure ;  
 What hast thou done ? thou hast sold thy freedom,  
 To a Tyrant Husband, who alwaies will misuse thee.

*Ory.* When I intreat again I give thee leave,  
 Oh ! where has all my injur'd Honor slept,  
 Or how have I been charm'd into Submission ?  
 Rouze, Rouze, my temper shake thy fondness off,  
 And punish the offenders of thy quiet,  
 Thou little less than Man, how I despise thee ?

*Rhe.* Thou something more than Woman, how  
 I hate thee ?

*Ory.* By the resentment of an Injur'd Love,  
 I will have justice done me ;  
 Thou Weed of Nature crept into the Earth,  
 To Canker and Disturb the Royal seed.  
 Villain *Ghinotto*, thus to wrong my Honor,  
 Hadst thou been Faithful, but I find thee now,  
 And will prevent thy hopes if possible ;  
 The poor deluded and forsaken Queen,  
 When she beheld her false *Eneas* fail ;  
 Felt nothing like the anguish of my heart,



Like her I'll die to give my troubles end ;  
 But Monster think not by my self I'll fall.  
 Thy *Antelina*, she shall be the Pile  
 On which I'll burn, and as I burn I'll smile. [ *Exit.*

*Rhe.* How much we both are wrong'd  
 By one curs'd Villain, *Ghinotto* is the Instrument  
 Of mischief, which wrought us to the ruin of  
 Each other : for Royalty he has his daughter  
 Kept; and in her room contriv'd this wretched Princess.  
 In what have I offended Heav'n, that it should suffer  
 Such injustice towards me. [ *Shout.*

Heark ! there may be Comfort  
 In that Aclamation.

Oh ! for a general Insurrection now,  
 That I might plunge into some terrible Confusion,  
 Where I might hide my self in multitudes,  
 And lie forgotten 'mongst the dirty Crowd.

*Enter Antelina.*

[ *Shout.*

*Ant.* Where e're I go the Joy disturbs my ears,  
 That is Proclaim'd for false *Rheusanes* Match ;  
 These Ceremonies once were meant for me,  
 And all the Land call'd me the Generals Love,  
 But now his Scorn ; Oh, Potent oppositions  
 How have you prevail'd ?

*Rheusanes* kneels and takes hold on her.

Ha ! my destruction here some Power protect---[ *Offers to go*

*Rhe.* Turn thee, Oh turn, thou injur'd Innocence,  
 Encline thine Ear to a repenting Sinner ;  
 I'm in a Maze of crooked Miseries lost,  
 Nor can I find the thred that leads to rest,  
 Unless thy merciful forgiveness guide me.

*Ant.* Pray give me freedom.

*Rhe.* Gods ! what a look was there !  
 The Sword of Justice Threatens in her eyes,  
 And my Soul fears to look on her again.

*Ant.* Pray let me go, my Lord ;  
 Suppose the Princess saw you in this posture,  
 The Jealousie 'twould raise might fatal prove  
 And I should be more curs'd than now I am,



To make a difference 'twixt man and Wife ;  
Pray loose me.

*Rhe.* I cannot like a poor Wretch whose Soul  
Has given him Warning ; I grasp my hold  
With all the wracking cramps of Lives Convulsions.

*Ant.* Disgrace grow to thee.

*Rhe.* Well said.

*Ant.* The Curses that thy Perjuries deserve,  
The punishment that's due to thy false Sex,  
May Heav'n reserve them all for single Thee.

*Rhe.* Go on.

*Ant.* Let me then. [ *Pulls to get from him*

*Rhe.* Not that way ; but in thy Curses,  
In thy rage go on ; curse till fierce Jove  
Thy Combatant step forth and strikes this Villain  
Breathless at thy feet——Yet stay.

*Ant.* I will not.

*Rhe.* You shall.

*Ant.* I must not.

*Rhe.* I am innocent ; betray'd by Fortune,  
By your Father——

*Ant.* Away.

*Rhe.* Will you not hear me then ?

*Ant.* Nothing, nothing, the King——

*Rhe.* The King !

*Ant.* Ay, the King stays for me ; stays to make me  
Great, to make me——Off, or I'll call for help.

*Rhe.* Then go.

[ *He lets go. Exit. Ant.*

The Pomp you seek, wait for you ;  
I find it all, and yet I am not mad ;  
Oh ! I was born sure when the Gods were angry ;  
And in their Rage they fix'd this curse upon me.  
Heark ! I am call'd

[ *Musick Flourishes.*

To th' Banquet : I must go  
With all the unwillingness of gaul'd aversion ;  
But with what Joy should I my Sences Feast,  
If I were sure to be a Poyson'd Guest.

[ *exit.*

*Re-enter Antelina.*

*Ant.* I did not well to leave him unresolv'd,  
Surely there was sincerity in's Carriage ;  
It look'd Romantique, yet it might be real.  
He talk'd of Father, Fortune, being betray'd ;  
My fears provoke me strangely to think ill.  
Oh ! if their purpose should be prov'd, I'm lost,  
With poor *Rheusanes* equally undone !  
What he entreated me to hear, I'll know,  
And if I find him cheated, as I guess,  
I will go Partner in his Resolutions.

*Enter King and Ghinotto.*

*King, Fair Antelina !*

*Ghi.* Daughter ?

*Ant.* Sir.

*Ghi.* Do you not hear the King ?

*Ant.* The King !

*King,* Once he was so, but Love has stript him of his Royalty,  
Invaded are his vast Prerogatives,  
By thy deposing beauty.

*Ant.* Invaded are my vast Prerogatives,  
The power I had over *Rheusanes* heart,  
Your rigid pleasure has undone for ever.

*King,* My rigid pleasure !

*Ant.* Whose else ? Oh ! you have undone me !  
Upon my youthful hopes stamp'd old Despair :  
In one pernicious hour ruin'd the purpose of my  
Labouring Soul, which since my eyes could judge,  
Pray'd for *Rheusanes*.

*King,* You pray'd for one who little did deserve it,  
And scorn the only person truly loves you :  
Would I had been *Rheusanes*, and he King,  
I ne're had left the blessings of thy Love,  
For all the Pomp o'th' spacious Universe.

*Ant.* I fear *Rheusanes* knew not the Design,  
But was betray'd into the dark mistake,  
Else why was I lock'd up that very hour  
I was to meet him to confirm our Vows.



*King*, Can you believe that Husbands were so scarce,  
My Sister wedded him for fear of none.

*Ghi*. How e're his flatteries have prevail'd  
Upon your Credulous and inclining heart,  
The Cheat is plain to an impartial mind.

*King*, Were she unprejudic'd, I could produce  
Such natural and unerring demonstration  
As credit could not shun.

*Ant*. Could I be satisfied with a belief  
Rais'd from a Reasonable and unbyass'd Test,  
*Rhensanes* were consenting to the deed —

*King*, What recompence shall wait the satisfier,  
If I should prove he were the sole Contriver.

*Ant*. I'll never think on the false Wretch again.

*King*, May I not hope advancement for my sufferings.

*Ant*. Oh ! Press me not too much ;  
If you should justify what you have said,  
My Task will be sufficient to forget him.

*King*, I will not press thee more my long'd for Bride,  
But rest in the assurance of his falshood,  
Which shall alone plead for me.

*Ghi*. By Heav'n's I'll force her —

*King*, Forbear, *Ghinotto*, and divert a while  
My Absence from the Banquet ; be free  
In welcoming the Bridal Guests, and represent  
Your Prince, ( your Son that shall be, if this  
Lady pleases ) ; with an untir'd bounty towards all.  
Come hard Believer, if I do not prove  
*Rhensanes* false, I'll quit my claim to Love.

*Ghi*. Now Princess sink, and Daughter Ride above.

*Exeunt severally.*

*End of the Third Act.*

ACT.



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 ACT IV. SCENE I.
 

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*Enter King with Antelina disordered.*

*King.* **N**OW stubborn beauty curse your fly disdain,  
 Curse your rash will which tortur'd me so long  
 With the utmost rigour of a proud neglect.  
 Think not that face nor shape above reward,  
 Nor think that Crowns are Subjects Toys to play with.

*Ant.* If ever you would have my heart your own,  
 Let those curs'd hands which forc'd me to dishonor,  
 Tear it from whence it ever must abhor you.

*King.* When my fond heart with springs of longing leapt,  
 As it would beat thorough the breast it bruise'd,  
 To rest upon the Bosom it ador'd.  
 You stopt your ears to my entreating Soul,  
 And scorn'd it as the vilest in the Land.

*Ant.* I think it now the worst that Hell er'e punish'd.

*King.* Think what you will, the Game is now my own,  
 Nor value I your Curses or Reflections.

*Ant.* Dost thou not dread the fatal consequence  
 Must issue from revealing of this mischief?

*King.* Not I;  
 Were thy soul's dotage here with all the Army,  
 Thy Father and thy Brother at their Head,  
 Had every wrong a Champion from above;  
 Nay, were thy self before 'em all disorder'd  
 In the most moving posture of abuse,  
 I'd twine about thee like a curling Snake,  
 And cling till by degrees I was cut off.

*Ant.* Heav'n, if I wait, will surely do me Justice.

*King.* When first I lov'd, I Nobly did design;  
 Nor could your Wishes make you more than mine;  
 But when I found you deaf to my Complaints;

Resolv'd *Rheusanes* should not boast my loss ;  
 I caus'd *Oryala* to perform your Part,  
 Whilst your ambitious Father lockt you up  
 As a reserve for me.

*Ant.* Thou breeder of destruction.

*King,* Think you I would have matcht my Sister  
 To one did Hate her, and below her birth ;  
 But to remove the obstructions of my pleasure,  
 By the desires which I have gratified,  
 I would have stak'd my Country, and my Life  
 To've gain'd the pleasure I compel'd even now.

*Ant.* Oh, ruin'd *Antelina* ! Wrong'd *Rheusanes* !

*King,* Despise a Slave when you may have his Lord :  
 Wait not on Fortune, when you may command her ;  
 Give me your Love, and by my own I swear,  
 Thou shalt become the Wonder of the World.

*Ant.* Your Villany has made me thus already.

*King,* The Eagle shall not soar above thy Power ;  
 The *Indies* shall be Plunder'd for thy sports,  
 To keep thy Extravagancies in perpetual Play ;  
 Thy Garments all shall be Originals,  
 The finest, and the richest Art can finish ;  
 I'll have the Sea turn'd off to digg up Rocks  
 Shall furnish thee with Gems to blind the admirers.

*Ant.* And what shall wait on this Romantique Pomp ?

*King,* My Love.

*Ant.* Thy Lust and Heav'n's eternal loss ;  
 Wouldst thou to the Confusion thou hast made,  
 Add my Damnation, Monster, Vengeance will catch thee.

*King,* Consider better, and be better us'd ;  
 Nor do I fear my Subjects, nor the Gods,  
 If they should punish me for this dear action,  
 'Tis 'cause I have enjoy'd the bliss before 'em.  
 Once more consider, weigh well your idle Coyness ;  
 And if a just repentance I can find,  
 I may, to quiet what you've lost, be kind.

[ *Exit.*

*Ant.* Do then and end me, Tyrant, Ravisher ;  
 He's gone, and so am I from Honour ever gone ;

Oh !



Oh ! how shall I look Vertue in the face,  
 Or keep my countenance when 'tis accus'd ;  
 My conscions blushes on my cheeks will blab,  
 And tell the inward touches of my Soul.  
 Earth, Earth, thou general Mother of all beings,  
 Let not my evil Footsteps wrong thy bearing,  
 But take what is too vile to walk upon thee. [Sits down.]

*Enter Rheusanes.*

*Rhe.* 'Tis done; I do believe the happy deed is done :  
 The King came pleas'd and flushing to the Banquet,  
 As if the Priest had warrant'd his Joys,  
 And he had tasted of my *Antelina*.

*Ant.* Oh ! I should know that Voice.

*Rhe.* What Fate directs me alwaies to this place !  
 This Melancholy Grove but sooths me in my Thoughts,  
 And Drowns me in Despair. Or, is't perhaps  
 That this most conscious Grove nourish'd my ruin :  
 Oh ! the happy time !

Even I that am undone : undone by that ;  
 Bless those so happy, happy moments past,  
 And fond the Memory that makes me wretched.

*Ant.* Oh, Heav'n's !

*Rhe.* What means that Voice of Sorrow ? do the Woods  
 Pity me ? or is't that mourning Lady !  
 'Twere vain for me to offer Services,  
 Or Complement her Miseries with mine.  
 If she be truly Wretched, I rob her of her Solitude.  
 For sure when Grief grows to that monstrous height,  
 That none can equally Comiserate.  
 Next to the Quiet Slumbers of the Grave ;  
 To be alone, is all a Wretch would have.

*Ant.* Oh ! *Rheusanes* !

*Rhe.* Or my Sence fails, or *Antelinas* voice.  
 But that's impossible. [Going off.]

*Ant.* *Rheusanes*.

*Rhe.* Again, Madam, by calling on my Name ;  
 I Judge you think it in my Power to do you Service.  
 Accept it thus, and rise from this sad Place,



I will not trust my Eyes, it cannot be  
 What *Antelina* and without the King ;  
 Or is this grief because without the King.

*Ant.* Unkind *Rheusanes* do I merit this.

*Rhe.* Why, Madam, I can guess no other Cause ;  
 Yet Oh ! my *Antelina*, if e're you Lov'd,  
 As often you have Sworn you did *Rheusanes* ;  
 Not all the Royalties that deck a Throne,  
 Nor the gay Bridegroom King with all his honors,  
 Not in your Arms, nor in the unspeaking Minute of delight ;  
 Shall give you half that Peace or Calm your Soul,  
 Equal to what beneath Yon Mirtle Tree,  
 You own'd with Tears of Joy you felt from me.

*Ant.* I know thy Truth and that thus sinks my Soul,

*Rhe.* She faints, Oh ! thou Epitome of Heav'n return,  
 Revive my Love, my Life, my *Antelina*.

*Ant.* Ah ! me, if you would e're have Peace.  
 Wake me no more.

*Rhe.* Oh ! if thou knowest my Truth,  
 Live only to Convince me of thy own ;  
 That *Antelina* Loves the the lost *Rheusanes*,  
 And my Soul soars immediately with thine.

*Ant.* How can your Eyes so carelessly surveigh me ?

*Rhe.* What saiest thou ?

*Ant.* Do these torn Robes and hair look well, *Rheusanes*.

*Rhe.* Hh !

*Ant.* Should you meet one thus Ruffled on a Road,  
 Stretcht on the Ground or fastned to a Tree,  
 Would you not judge they had been Rob'd, *Rheusanes* ?

*Rhe.* Horrors eternal choak my eager thought,  
 And stifle my unnatural Suspition ;  
 I will not guess at all, go on, be plain,  
 What meanest thou by a Road, bound to a Tree, or Robd ?

*Ant.* When e're a Shepherd leaves his tender Flock,  
 Does not the Wolf devour the helpless Lambs ?

*Rhe.* Yet Plainer.

*Ant.* Let my Original disorder speak.

*Rhe.* Enough, Enough, ye Mighty, Merciful good guards

Of innocence and vertue 'tis enough :  
 Give me thy hand, thou beautiful decay,  
 Let us sit down like Children quite undone,  
 And prattle o're the falshood of our Guardian,  
 Thy Father. — Oh, do not turn away ;  
 That wretched motion does inform too much.

*Ant.* Oh, my *Rheusanes*, I own I sin to look you in the face,  
 So vile am I : But pity me,

If threatned and entreated by a Father,  
 Urg'd by the wrong I thought you had done my Love,  
 And tempted by a Prince I seemed to accept  
 What as I wish for Heav'n my Soul so abhor'd,  
 I would have chose the vilest Death on Earth,  
 Rather than live, *Rheusanes* being lost,  
 The greatest Empress story e're could boast of.

*Rhe.* Oh, dismal sound !  
 The only blessed news I wish'd to hear,  
 Doubles the wrack of my despairing Soul,  
 And marks me for a Wretch to future times :  
 Hadst thou been false, Time, or a just resentment  
 Might have cur'd : but now my spiteful fate  
 Has made a flaw, not Heav'n it self can mend ;  
 Nor do I fear a Curse, nor ask a Blessing.

*Ant.* Oh *Rheusanes* !

*Rhe.* Speak on, speak all, for I'd be more a wretch,  
 Admire the witty cruelties of Heav'n,  
 And wonder at the newness of their Curse.

*Ant.* My Father !

*Rhe.* Curses blast him ! Hearn, I hear some coming,  
 Perhaps the King, to appease a second time ;  
 His pressing blood retire my Love,  
 And when I call,  
 Approach.

*Ant.* Oh, hide me where I never may be found. [*Leads her off.*]

*Rhe.* Now for this lustful brand,  
 This Fire that blister'd *Antelina's* vertue.

*Enter Ghinotto.*

By the fell Author of her Miseries,  
 It is the greater mischief.



*Ghi.* The King with Joy deals round the brim-swel'd goblets;  
His Gay behaviour signifies success;  
But he's engag'd so strictly with his Guests,  
I cannot know the full particulars.

*Rheusanes takes him by the Shoulder.*

*Rhe.* *Ghinotto*, tho' I know thee Ambitions dotard,  
Yet not so blinded, but thou can'st Judge,  
What Death deserves that Execrable Dog,  
Who would to please a bold Hot Blooded Prince,  
Expose the unspotted Honour of a Daughter.

*Ghi.* What Death? Equal with him, the unambitious Fool,  
Who would to please the fondness of a Girl,  
Refuse to be the Father of a Prince?

*Rhe.* Are not Vows binding, do we mock the Gods,  
When our Protestings summon 'em to Witness,  
Whether our Words keep measure with our Hearts?  
Have you forgot, when to the Wars I went,  
You joyn'd my *Antelinas* Hand and mine,  
And blest me as yours? Have you forgot,  
When on my Sword, I Swore Eternal Faith?  
You made her kneel, and Kiss the hollow blade:  
Preferring me to any Prince on Earth.

*Ghi.* The Princess was not nam'd Perfidiou, Man!  
Do you upbraid my Wrongs, or flout my Age?  
Your fiery Pride, Young Conqueror, rides so high,  
'Twill throw you on your Back: your false  
Deluding Tongue, the Tricks you us'd to break the  
Match, and *Antelinas* Peace, shall mount her to a Throne:  
A Diadem my Daughter shall adorn.

*Oryala* and thou shalt be her Scorn:  
Thy slighted Passion, shall at distance move:  
It shall be Treason, but to own thy Love,  
Whilst the most favour, thy poor State shall meet;  
Shall be to pay Obedience at her Feet.

*Rhe.* Rage keep thy Bounds, and Oh instruct me Gods,  
Which way to satisfy my Love and Honour,  
And not destroy this Murd'rer of 'em both.  
Upbraidst thou me with breaking off the Match?  
Does not thy base Heart know its own Contrivance?



*Ghi.* Vain Lord, thy threats are vain; my Heart know this  
 Its Blood run cheary now, as 'ere it did, nor to  
 Be child with words; but sensible of Wrongs.  
 Apt to revenge, and with this wither'd Arm.  
 To justify the Honour of my Name.

*Rhe.* The Honour of thy Name: Ha! ha ———

*Ghi.* Ay, upstart Prince, the Honour of my Name  
 Equal with thine, much dearer than my Life,  
 And precious as the Off-springs of my blood.

*Rhe.* Pretious indeed, and yet by Hell 'tis sold.

*Ghi.* By whom?

*Rhe.* By thee.

*Ghi.* Thou Ly'st.

*Rhe.* Thus quarrel Boys and Girls:  
 Thou twice a Child!

*Ghi.* Thou not beyond it yet.

*Rhe.* Who left his Daughter here?

*Ghi.* I did.

*Rhe.* To meet the King.

*Ghi.* On purpose?

*Rhe.* To hear his Love.

*Ghi.* Ay, and receive it too.

*Rhe.* He has been here *Ghinotto*.

*Ghi.* I'm glad on't.

*Rhe.* He has made Love too.

*Ghi.* Better.

*Rhe.* High, mighty, pressing Love.

*Ghi.* More like a Prince.

*Rhe.* More like a Fiend of Hell.

[Fetches her in.

Come forth thou Sacrifice to his Ambition,  
 And with thy Ruins sink his haughty Soul.

*Ghi.* My Child!

*Ant.* My Father.

*Ghi.* What mean these swoln Eyes, this torn Hair,  
 These ruffled Garments, these all marks of Horror?

*Ant.* The King.

*Ghi.* Shall do thee right for this affront:  
 Tell me the Authors.

*Ant.* Oh ! he can never do me right.

*Gbi.* Why, Child, I know he Loves thee.

*Ant.* So loves a Goatish Satyr of the Woods,  
A wandring Virgin of *Diana's* Train,  
When to his Den, he Hurries her by force;

And Grins at her Resistance, and her Prayers.

*Gbi.* Ambition, Oh Ambition ! thou Nurse of Mischief ;  
How thou hast lash't my Pride. [ *Aside.* ]

*Rbe.* What say'st thou now *Ghinotto*, does not this Object  
Make thy inwards Sweat ? Does not her Tears ?  
Pierce through thy yielding Pores, and scald thy Heart ?  
Can'st thou be still, when such a Wrong provokes ?

*Gbi.* Is this the Coronation of my Daughter,  
Villain *Ghinotto* ? Curse thy self alone :  
Accomplice, Cause Author of thy Disgrace ;  
Nor look on him whom next Heav'n must revenge ;  
And equally with Heav'n thou hast abus'd.  
The Armies his, and sure a Cause like this,  
Will shock the Loyalty I know he bears.

*Ant.* Oh ! Father !

*Gbi.* Peace Girl, a while, and I will do thee Justice.  
*Rheusanes*, 'tis now no time to ask you Pardon :  
Nor can my Life afford me time enough.  
The King and I : mark me. the King and I,  
Are equally concern'd in thy undoing.  
Oh ! do me Justice there, I'll give thee  
Ample satisfaction here.

*Rbe.* Let me Reflect.

The Man who made this Wretch of Poor *Rheusanes*,  
Lives still, and I must honour him ; he is my Prince,  
Therefore I must not meditate revenge,  
Or Compensation just to such a Wrong :  
Because he is my Prince : Nay, by my Soul,  
That Name awes me so much,  
That had he stript me bare of all my Honours :  
Reduc'd me to the meanest State of Life :  
Nay, took my Life, and that the Vilest way,  
I could have blest him still, and bore it all.

*Gbi.* I have heard him boast your Loyalty indeed :



Own you the Prop, and Honour of his Kingdom.

Yet there lies your reward.

[*Points to Ant.*]

*Rhe.* Nay, had he attack'd me in that tender part,  
And knowing that my Life twist'd with hers :  
Had Stab'd her at my Feet, my Blood might  
Sally me to some rash thought, which soon I  
Should have griev'd for on my Knees, to have begg'd  
The Favour of a Second Stab. Thus would I treat  
His Cruelties with Life, the utmost stake a Mortal  
Has to loose.

*Ghi.* And charg'd by Heav'n, and Nature to Protect ;  
To Right if Wrong'd by any mortal Power.

*Rhe.* But Sacrilegiously to spoil my Love :  
To violate the Altar of my Vows, he has Stab'd my  
Soul, nor can your vain Eliziums do me Right :  
A Melancholy poor Dithonour'd Ghost ;  
Abandon'd, Branded, Scorn'd by Noble Souls,  
And shun'd by *Antelinas* unreveng'd.

*Ant.* Where then, Oh ! where shall *Antelinas* fly ?  
In what dark Mansion, cover her Disgrace ?  
A Ravish'd Virgin in a stranger VWorld ;  
VWhere bold *Rheusanes* durst not shew his Face.

*Ghi.* By Heav'n's, the Gods sit smiling at our Follies,  
And mock at our Ridiculous Enduring.

*Rhe.* Oh Father !

[*Leans on him.*]

*Ghi.* Oh ! do not Sink my Soul with so much goodness :  
I loath the VWorld, I hate my self for Living ;  
To find thy Blood, aw'd with the Name of King :  
Baulk a Revenge, would make me Young again :  
Nor can I hope it from my Arm alone.  
The Conscious King has Guards enough,  
To Fence him from my Rage : which shall end here.  
*Rheusanes*, I told you, and I own it once again :  
The King and I, only the King and I,  
made thee the VVretch thou art :  
Thy Honours Stab'd in his hot Blood, and Lust,  
And thus in Blood must pay thee, if he's just. [*Offers to stab himself.*]

*Rhe.* Oh ! hold *Ghinotto*, I vow Revenge ;  
Live and look up, such Revenge as our

Lean Sorrow shall grow Fat withal :

Live and look up.

*Ghi.* Rest not my Dagger then, but leave it with its Master.

*Ant.* Swear not to use it then.

*Ghi.* Not to my Death I vow.

*Rhe.* Thus joyn then Hands with me in a revenge [ *Kneel.*

*Lucretia, Brutus, Collatine,* and all the gloriously reveng'd.

Immortal Souls, inspire the equally abus'd *Rheufanes* ;

And Prompt this Noble Fury in my mind.

*Ghi.* Oh ! *Rheufanes*, rise not yet, accept this  
Moyety of Blood I pay you ; and Daughter Swear, Swear,  
Since the World, Man, Woman, Child, and all should join  
In such a Cause, Thou'lt have revenge, the King and I,  
We owe ye blood my Children : Oh ! Lend me  
But my Eyes to see him bleed here on this Spot  
I make this solemn Vow, where thy dear Honour lies ;  
In thy Fathers Blood, I'll pay the due just Forfeit :  
Of my Life !

*Ant.* And as I winde

This Linnen round your Arm, to save  
The Noble drops, which feed that Life :

I Swear no opportunity shall scape,

In which I may revenge my Virgin Loss.

*Rhe.* Come to my Arms, thou noble Penitent, [ *To Ghi.*

And Oh thou precious Rack of my sad Fate : [ *To Antes.*

Cleave to my Soul ;

Ye Gods, which know no difference of Men ;

But Ride in Clouds, Kings over Earthly Kings :

I claim revenge : Look down upon our Sorrows :

And if in opposition to your Law ;

My Sword against my Sovereign I draw.

Oh ! Crush this Young Rebelling in its Birth :

Some Judgment strike this Traytor to the Earth.

But if as you've thought fit in former Times,

By mortal Hands, to punish mortal Crimes.

Help me my injur'd Honour to redress :

Crown all my Undertakings with Success.

Resentment does my blood to Action charm,

Revenge inspires the Glorious Alarm,



And Conquest waits the Thunder of my Arm.

*Enter Dorenalus.*

*Exeunt.*

*Dor.* What is there, in this World, should make men fond  
Of breathing in its falshood : Our inclinations  
Always are deny'd, or if we think to morrows Joy  
Shall make amends for this days Sorrow : some  
Evil accident does Intervene, and our Intentions  
Still are interrupted : Oh ! we were lost sure in the  
Primitive folly, since the first Man allow'd the  
Woman Will, we have been the Sexes May-game,  
And Derision, and Fortune, which does favour  
None but Fools is constantly their Champion :  
The only thing our griping Fates allow'd,  
To the sore Prentiship of Woes we're bound to,  
Was healing Friendship ; and that now is most  
Corrupted and uncertain found. How happy  
Did that Surly Cynick live, who knew no Joy,  
Nor Grief beyond the want or presence  
Of the Sun ?

*Enter Ghinotto.*

*Ghi.* *Dorenalus ?*

*Dor.* My Father.

*Ghi.* The same, are we alone ?

*Dor.* Why, Sir ?

*Ghi.* Cause I have business, that's a secret boy.  
You know there are many private Nooks about  
The Court, and at this time of Night, Young wanton  
Girls Skulk with the Lords in Corners for instructions :  
And I am loath to Sing, whilst they beat time.

*Dor.* I cannot Sound you Sir.

*Ghi.* But I, will thee, I have a Plumet to a Line of wrongs,  
Will reach thy Heart, were it as deep as the  
Unfathum'd Sinkings of the Ocean.

*Dor.* I have a Heart, which to a Noble wrong,  
Will swell, and save the sounding of it.

*Ghi.* Well said, then hear me, and stop one Ear ;  
Least it fly from thee, thy Sister ?

*Dor.* What of her ?

*Ghi.* Is Ravish'd basely, seduc'd, and Ravish'd by the King.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* The King.

*Ghi.* Ay the King, that Essence of Brutality ;  
Has Rob'd her of her richest Portion.

*Dor.* We may revenge, but ne're retrieve the wrong.

*Ghi.* That's right, but how ? how to revenge that we must  
Study.

*Dor.* Why thus ?

I long have Doted on *Oryala*,  
My quiet long has been at Pawn for her ;  
Now I have Power to gratifie my Love ;  
And pay my Sisters loss.

*Ghi.* As how ?

*Dor.* I'll Ravish her.

*Ghi.* Wilt thou ?

*Dor.* By all her Scorn I will,  
I'll force her till tyr'd Nature does refuse ;  
And my desire is baffled by my Weakness.

*Ghi.* I feel my Vitals sicken at this Motion,  
Yet I could have provok't him to this deed ;  
Had I not made a league with brave *Rheusanes*.

*Dor.* What ruminate you on, Sir ?

*Ghi.* Don't you Consider she's *Rheusanes* Wife.

*Dor.* I do : and for that very reason do resolve it,  
Consider who has blasted all my hopes, *Rheusanes* ;  
Who left my Sister slighted openly, *Rheusanes* ;  
Who was the occasion of her Treacherous Rape ;  
*Rheusanes* still, for had he faithful prov'd,  
Your Daughter had been happy, and *Oryala* in time,  
Might have been wrought to answer my  
Entreatings.

*Ghi.* I must inform him better, tho' the discovery ruins,  
What I long for, the General was betray'd in all ;  
This Action by the Kings lust contriv'd to take,  
The Princess that he might easier compel  
My Daughter.

*Dor.* By Heav'n you've eas'd my Spirits of a load,  
Lay heavier on 'em than the Love that wrackt 'em ;  
Now as the Kings relation I will force her,

And



And as he has sow'd his Poison in our Blood,  
I will corrupt with equal Pleasure his.

*Ghi.* So far 'tis well; nay farther, I'll proceed:  
*Rheusanes* hates her as I do the King:  
Nay, could he live till Time did rest his Glass,  
He would not own her.

*Dor.* Oh! how I'll surfeit in the Luscious Joys:  
His Lust has made my Sister's Honour bleed;  
Mine in *Oryala* shall match the Deed. [ *Exit.*

*Ghi.* His Blood is in a Flame, and as a Fire  
Long stifled, having Vent, breaks out with fiercer,  
More consuming Hast, so does his Passion,  
Whilst all my little Oppositions mov'd,  
Serv'd as Combustibles to feed its Fury:  
Oh *Virginus*! How happy was thy Arm  
That frustrated the lustful Will of *Appius*?  
Like him, I to the Army will retire,  
And to redress my Wrongs their Aid require. [ *Exit.*

*Enter Rheusanes with a Dagger.*

*Rhe.* Now is the Time, now all within is fast:  
The busy feasting Guests are cloy'd with Riot,  
And glutted into Sleep: The King himself long  
Time ago retir'd, remorseless went to Rest, as if  
Some Angel rock'd him to Repose:  
My *Antelina* too,  
Doz'd with her Wrongs, has sigh'd her self to Quiet.  
Oh Sleep! thou only Cordial, next thy Neighbour Death,  
For injured and disorder'd Souls, how feign would I  
Enjoy the: This only takes Possession of my Heart;  
This careful Tenant strictly will repair what  
Time has run to Ruin; but e're I make it Master  
Of my Life, it must have a Lodging in the Heart  
O'th' King.

*Enter Dorenalus.*

*Dor.* I find my Spirits falter in this Action,  
For when my Will is urgent to go on,  
Against the Barr of Friendship it recoils;  
Which bruises my Intentions.

*Rhe.* I hear'd a Voice, sure.

*Dor.* If I should ravish her——

*Rhe.* By Darkneſs, 'tis King contriving to regal,  
His Luſt again ; bleſſ'd be the Means that keeps  
Me undiscover'd, and the Occaſion brought me to  
O'er hear him.

*Dor.* She is *Rheufane's* Right, altho I love her ;  
The Word Revenge will give no Countenance,  
For wronging of my Friend :

I hitherto have kept my Name untainted ;  
Why ſhould I then out of a raſh hot Fit,  
Loſe in a Minute, what my Life has toil'd for.

*Rhe.* What, does he mutter now ?

*Dor.* I will not Ravish her.

*Rhe.* Thou ſhalt not, if *Rheufanes* can prevent it :  
Up thou, unus'd to Miſchief for a Moment ;  
And forth thou never failing Inſtrument of Slaughter :  
My Hand embrace thee with its former firmneſs,  
And by Inſtinct let me find out his Heart.

*Dor.* Who e'er thou art, [ *Runs Dor. through.*  
*Dorenalus* hugs thee for this mighty Favour.

*Rhe.* Miſtakes confound me, what is it I hear, within  
There, Treason, Murder, Lights, you Sleepers.

*Enter Gentlemen. Lights.*

*Gent.* It was the Prince's Voice.

*Rhe.* Oh ! lend a courteous Glance this way, it cannot  
Be my Friend ſure.

*Dor.* Never ſo much thy Friend as at this Hour.

*Rhe.* How have I trac'd the Footſteps of Deſtruction.  
Away with your unwelcome Witneſſes.

*Dor.* Oh ! 'twas Charity to end my Life,  
When you deny'd me Nouriſhment to keep it.

*Rhe.* Yet ere thy Soul forſake thee, let me clear it :  
I was betray'd by thy ambitious Father,  
Who plac'd the Princeſs, as thy Siſter, for me :  
Diſguiſ'd and ſilent we perform'd the Deed ;  
And when I brought her home to feaſt on Love,  
She ſwore I ſhould not taſt it in the Light :

Pretended



Pretended Virgin Modesty refus'd ;  
 So by the Assistance of the fatal Darkness,  
 I grasp'd her as the Longings of my Soul.

*Dor.* I do believe thee : Oh ! Death hunts my Soul,  
 And drives it from its mortal Mansion.

*Rhe.* I thought it was the King now in thy place,  
 Hearing thee talk of Ravishing ;  
 Thought 'twas some fresh Design upon your Sister,  
 Which my mistaking Arm endeavour'd to prevent.

*Dor.* I am satisfied, and pray be you ; I never meant you  
 Wickedness once invaded my fallen Temper, ( Ill ;  
 But I at last o'ercame it, Oh *Rheusanes* !

*Rhe.* What are thy last Desires ?

*Dor.* Take Pity on my Sister , and keep her from the  
 Evil of this curst *Tarquin* has dishonoured her. ( future  
 I'm going, and if to Happiness I am preferr'd,  
 I will entreat for Thee. [ *Dies.*

*Rhe.* Blessings unenvi'd wait upon thy Soul,  
 And mount it to the Glory it deserves :  
 Remove this Body to my Chamber,  
 And over it I will lament its Fate.  
 Heaven ! Thou hast shewn thy Care on thy Vicegerent,  
 And in my Bloom of Wickedness hast cropt me :  
*Ghinotto* work'd upon my yeilding Soul ;  
 When it was dull'd with suffering then he prey'd on't ;  
 But sadly have I answer'd the Offence,  
 Slaying his Son in aiming at my Prince.

*End of the Fourth Act.*

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A C T V.      S C E N E I.

---

*A Camp. Several Souldiers appear confusedly.*

*1st. Sould.* **A** Pox o'these peaceable Times, we shall certainly be starv'd in 'em.

*2d. Sould.* A Pox on our Folly for suffering peaceable Times, have we not the Power in our own hands?

*1st. Sould.* For what?

*2d. Sould.* Why, to make what time we please :  
Mutiny, my dear Doggs.

*Corp.* A Plague upon those who let us beat 'em so soon ; neither is there an Officer destroy'd, not so much as a fat Serjant, or a lean Ensign ; no Hint of a Hope for a Vacancy to any mans Merit.

*2d. Sould.* Why look you, Corporal, our nearest way to Preferment, ( since they will not die in the Field, nor decently of themselves ) is to make Mischief among 'em, and let 'em destroy one another.

*Corp.* Ay, but they won't take our Words for't ; Superiours have found out the Tricks of Inferiors, and have made an Agreement, tho' Truth, not to mind it.

*2d. Sould.* But why must we be kept in our own Country ? If we were abroad we might plunder.

*Corp.* We steal here, which is all one.

*2d. Sould.* No, 'tis not, for we are hang'd for it.

*1st. Sould.* Hark, you fellow Souldiers, now cannot I for my Blood understand why this is our own Country ; I'll be choak'd if there be a man among us has a Foot of Land in it.

*2d. Sould.* No more than he stands upon.  
Well, 'tis a brave thing to be an Officer.

*1st. Sould.* What because you can march Five Miles on Horseback ?

*2d. Sould.*



2d. *Sould.* No : But to be even with the Government.

Corp. As how, old Dry-Bobb?

2d. *Sould.* Why, as we march'd from our Quarters, we came through the City to the Camp ; and a turbulent Dogg that was gaping to see us as we past by his Shop, cry'd out, *Ay, there goes the Plague o'th' the Nation*: His Wife strait reply'd, *The Comforts, you Block-head.*

Corp. So.

2d. *Sould.* The Captain immediately tip'd her the Wink, And made him a Cuckold before it was dark.

*All.* Oh brave Captain !

1st. *Sould.* Nay more ; She has promis'd on her Honour, To be reveng'd on her Husband, she'll bring, All the Females of both Generations, For the Use of our Regiment.

Corp. Then the Government's settled again.

2d. *Sould.* No ; prithee let's Mutiny, for I am damnable Hungry.

1st. *Sould.* Well then let's Mutiny, for my Heart's e'en We've abundance of Victuals upon the Plain, (broke : But the Devil a bit on the Spit.

Would it not make a man mad, to see a Flock Of Sheep grazeing at the head of one's Regiment, Baaing and making Mouths at us, whilst we Dare not cut their Throats for the Affront.

Corp. Ay, or to see a Battalion of Oxen march by In State, and dung at our Tents Mouths, yet must Not knock 'em down to teach 'em better Manners.

2d. *Sould.* I say Mutiny.

*All.* Ay, Mutiny, mutiny.

Corp. Ay, but for what? Poz on't we have our Pay ; If they would but stop our Pay once, The Devil should not stop our Mouths.

1st. *Sould.* Then Corporal we'll Mutiny for our Rights and Privileges.

2d. *Sould.* To kill and take what we like.

1st. *Sould.* Ay, and to eat and keep what we kill.

Corp. Right, here they send us abroad to be knock'd on the Head,

When

When they have nothing to do for us at home.——

*2d. Sould.* Else knock us on the head, and starve us at Home.

*1st. Sould.* When there's nothing to do for us abroad.

*2d. Sould.* 'Twould be a pretty Sight to see us run away,  
Like *Moses's* Lions at the crowing of a Cock.

*1st. Sould.* Or lose the Field as the Capitol was sav'd,  
By the gagling of a Goose : Ounds I say Mutiny.

*Corp.* The Devil take it, this will never serve for an  
Occasion ; I am not so unreasonable to desire  
A just one, if we had any.

*Enter Collonel and Two Officers.*

But mum ! here comes the old furious Collonel  
With Two Officers ; they'll wonder what a Plague  
We all do together : Now will half of us be hang'd,  
To confess whether the rest had any Design,  
To mutiny or no.

*Coll.* These Fellows have some Mischief in their minds ;  
A fit time this to work 'em to our Purpose ;  
My old tough Heart melts at my General's Wrongs ;  
There needs no Oratory in this Tale :  
In downright Words I'll tell how he's abus'd ;  
And downright Blows can only do him Justice.  
Why, how now fellow Souldiers ?

*Corp.* Ud's Death, the old Rogue's in a good Humour.

*Coll.* What, wishing for the Wars ? You hate to be idle,  
When a brave Action calls.

*1st. Sould.* And under your Honours Command.

*Coll.* My Command ! Under the Generals, my  
Fellow Souldiers, the brave *Rheufanes* ;  
He that first flesh'd your Swords in Conquest,  
And march'd you o'er the Ruins of your Foes :  
*Rheufanes* ; He, that Father to us all,  
Who now, by me, to crown his last of Deeds,  
Bequeaths the *Grecian* Generals Pavillion ;  
With all that Mass of Riches, his by Lot ;  
Without one Doyt to any nigh Relation ;  
But all to you, his stout bred Sons and Heirs.



*All. Humm.*

*Coll.* Whil'st he, tho bold as Justice e'er made Man;  
Injur'd to that prodigious height he is  
Reflecting on his Duty to his Master,  
Retires to mourn alone at his Disgrace.

*Corp.* How Colonel! The General disgrac'd! that  
Must not be; here's an Occasion you Doggs——

*Coll.* If after all his Service to his Countrey,  
To have a Wife slurr'd on him by his Prince,  
Or see his Mistress ravish'd 'fore his Face,  
Be a Disgrace, 'tis his.

*2d. Sould.* How, ravish my General's Mistress!

*1st. Sould.* Who was it Collonel? For we'll make an Eunuch  
Of him, and he shall marry her after.

*2d. Sould.* And then we'll come in for Snacks.

*Corp.* We'll tear him Piece-meal.

*Coll.* Away ye giddy-headed Slaves, it was the King.

*2d. Sould.* And sure the King may ravish whom he pleases.

*Corp.* Hark Rogues! a rare Opportunity;  
Did any of you ever see the King?

*2d. Sould.* Not I.

*1st. Sould.* Nor I.

*Corp.* Nor you don't know the King, if you see him?

*Omn.* Not we.

*Corp.* Then take my word for't *Rheusanes* is your King.

*Omn.* *Rheusanes, Rheusanes!*

*Coll.* Forbear ye Rebels, or I'll hang ye all:  
*Rheusanes* is no Prince, he was indeed your General;  
Your much abus'd Commander.

*1st. Sould.* I say he's our King, the other Fellow has been  
so long enough. (Prince,

*Corp.* Ay, ay; Therefore, I say, let all who love their  
*Rheusanes*, or their Corporal, draw their Swords.

*Omn.* *Rheusanes, Rheusanes.* [ *They all draw.*

*Enter Ghinotto.*

*Coll.* They're finely wrought, see here, behold the Father.  
Of the unhappy Lady, and your General's Mistress:  
Poor Man he weeps.

*2d. Sould.*

2d. Sould. Truly he has had a very sad time on't.

Coll. Do you not know this Face? can fifteen Years,  
Such Alteration make? Can you forget  
Your Major General?

Corp. The Noble *Ghinotto*.

*Ghin*. That wretched thing am I.  
But why in Arms my old well try'd Acquaintance?

Coll. Warm'd with my General's Wrongs and yours;  
O'my Conscience I think we're grow all Rebels.

*Ghin*. Indeed our Wrongs will call for a Revenge,  
And justify it any way but that:

But sure the King commands in what he pleases:

Were he my Equal, I'd scorn to shew

This base dishonour'd Head;

Till I had fix'd my Dagger in his Heart,

Deep as the Wound it gave this wretched Arm,

Which came too late to save my Daughter's Honour;

And stop the Hell-bred Fury of his Lust.

Corp. Look you Fellow Souldiers: This Lord has been  
A brave Fellow, has led us out and brought us home,  
With Honour, his Son's the General's Friend,  
And a kind Officer; therefore for all their Sakes,  
I cry Revenge.

Omn. Revenge, Revenge.

*Ghin*. My Son alafs;  
That precious Comfort of my unhappy Age;  
Whom you are pleas'd to call the General's Friend,  
The Tyrant has destroy'd.

2d. Sould. We lose Time, Sir. [ *Pulls the Collonel.*

Coll. The General perhaps may be so too:  
His Daughter in his Absence forc'd again,  
And by Degrees we all may feel his Envy.

Corp. On, on Sir.

Coll. Nay more——

2d. Sould. We'll hear no more.

Coll. I say the King.

1st. Sould. Ounds will you lead, Sir.

Coll. I will, and let us wear our Injuries on our Swords,  
Nor



Nor sheath 'em till we wholly are redrest,  
But rather perish in our just Endeavours.

*1st. Sould.* Plunder, Sir.

*Coll.* Do any thing, the City ever were our Enemies,  
Tho we have sav'd their Freedoms and Estates.

*2d. Sould.* March then.

*Ghin.* Fight as ye all had Daughters to relieve.

*Coll.* Or Fight like men condemned for a Reprieve.

*Corp.* All Wives, by my Consent, turn out of Doors.

*1st. Sould.* Then I am sure the Cits will have no Whores.

[ *Exeunt hollowing.* ]

## S C E N E. I I.

*Enter King and a Gentleman.*

*King.* **D**Orenalus kill'd by a Mistake i'th' dark, and by  
*Rheufanes?*

*Gent.* Here in the Gallery, Sir.

*King.* Ghinotto fled to th' Army too?

*Gent.* Yes, Sir.

*King.* Arriv'd there?

*Gent.* So writes my Brother, Sir; he has some small Employment in your Forces, and thought it was his Duty to inform your Majesty.

*King.* Send to him either to seize or else dispatch the Villain, and I'll prefer him for his Loyalty.

*Gent.* I shall, Sir.

*King.* Give order too *Rheufanes* be secur'd;  
Let him not stir beyond the Princes's Lodgings;  
Confine *Ghinotto's* Daughter too;  
In the Anti-chamber keep her till I come.

*Gent.* It shall be done, Sir.

[ *Exit Gent.* ]

*King.* 'Tis good to make 'em sure:  
Or let the worst my Fears can threaten come;  
Let this *Ghinotto* with the Army march

Up to my Palace Gates ; I easily can quell  
 The Rebel, if I accept his Daughter for my Bride ;  
 But it must come to that e'er I comply or pardon :  
 If this man's Brother but dispatches him,  
 My Jealousy's releas'd.

*Enter Oryala.*

*Oryala* in Tears ! The Cause which draws this Grief ?

*Ory.* The fatal Cause I ever fear'd and told you :

*Rheusanes* Scorn.

*King.* Still stubborn ?

*Ory.* Not only still, but ever will be so ;  
 Upon the Floor he pass'd this tedious Night,  
 Sighing and mourning o'er *Dorenalus* ;  
 Whom, his mistaking Arm, he said, destroy'd :  
 Muttering Revenge ; repeating his Deserts,  
 And cursing the Ingratitude of's Prince.

*King.* I do begin to apprehend him now ;  
 And what *Dorenalus* by chance receiv'd,  
 I guess, was meant for me.

His Life is, to appease our Laws, requir'd,  
 Which our Prerogative can spare, if courted ;  
 If not, for want of such Humility  
 I'll leave him to its rigid Persecution :  
 I'll humble his Resentments.

*Ory.* Oh never, never !  
 His Woes are swell'd to that prodigious heap,  
 No Rage can terrify, no Vengeance hurt :  
 To die is what he sues for ; He crav'd, ev'n now,  
 Some Judgment from the Gods, to separate  
 His united Sufferings ; and finding that they  
 Did not mind him, swore, they seem'd ashamed,  
 And could inflict no more.

*King.* Her Sorrows trouble me.

[ *Aside.*

*Ory.* What Pleasure could you take in such Revenge,  
 To ruin those who never did you Wrong ?

*King.* I cannot help my Purposes miscarriage,  
 But they design'd you well.

*Ory.* Oh vain Excuse ! you knew he was dispos'd of

To



To *Ghinotto's* Daughter, but loving her your self,  
 You put me on him as a Security  
 For your own Lust.

*King.* Ha!

*Ory.* If your hot Blood provok'd you to that height,  
 That a poor Virgin's Honour must allay't;  
*Rheufanes* sure sufficient Plague had found,  
 In loosing her; but likewise to be ti'd  
 To what he loath'd; how could he bear that Weight?  
 Now I, like him, wish we had never met  
 And curse the unequal Usage of our Fate.

*King.* She strikes my Conscience strangely. [ *Aside.*

*Ory.* Look back upon the Ruines you have made,  
 And Curse the Will which has dethron'd your Goodness.

*King.* I feel Reflections thronging on my Soul,  
 And Penitence is crowding for Admittance.

*Ory.* What Reparation can you make her Vertue?  
 Or what Amends my Freedom, which you've sold?

*King.* I will make Reparation; forbear *Oryala*!  
 And let Discretion act the careful Pilot,  
 To guide thee through this Tempest of Misfortunes:  
 Thy Wrongs into my Heart have shot my Sin,  
 And mark'd it for Destruction: Oh man!  
 Most liable to Vice, therefore most Beast!  
 When we desire, the Will runs headlong on,  
 Despising all Instructions of Forbearance;  
 But Oh! at last betray'd in the sure Snare;  
 That Will, that forward Will, which ruin'd us,  
 Converted by Regret to Thoughts impartial,  
 Too late considers and condemns it self.

*Ory.* Think on some means to mitigate your Crimes,  
 Or your Soul's lost with your pernicious Life.

*King.* *Oryala*, thy Vertues have prevail'd,  
 And made me see, with Shame, the want of mine:  
 But if our future Actions can repair,  
 What our foregoing Measures have disgrac'd,

Such Satisfaction for your Wrongs I'll make,  
That every one their full Amends shall speak:  
Confess,

That I can give no more, nor they can take.

*Ory.* Impossible!

*King.* Why dost thou court me to be good,  
Yet doubt my Power?

*Ory.* I fear 'twill not redress; Death, death I know  
Must be my Sorrows Cure.

*King.* Talk not of Death, we may live happy yet;  
Monarchs Repentance never comes too late:  
I'll send *Rheufanes* hither, you work on him,  
And I'll contrive to soften *Antelina*:  
But if our Propositions can't succeed,  
'Tis I must die, I who have done this Deed;  
My Death alone the mischief can remove,  
Which wrong'd her Honour, and *Rheufanes* Love. [Exit.

*Ory.* He thinks his Flattery will beguile my Griefs;  
But the Impression is too deeply cut;  
I'm sure his Art will never eat it out:  
Oh *Rheufanes*! Thou much belov'd,  
And much of Misery, how wretched are our Fates!  
Yet 'tis a Comfort to be Innocent:  
If I in ought my self can guilty find,  
'Tis loving him perverfest of his Kind.

*Enter Rheufanes.*

*Rheu.* Is there no End then of my Miseries?  
My Heart's too stubborn for my Wrongs to break;  
Nor will the King destroy his Enemy:  
Oh *Dorenalus*! if that Saints can hear  
The Intercessions of unhappy Mortals,  
Implore the Assistance of the higher Powers,  
To seal the Warrant of my Liberty.

*Ory.* *Rheufanes*!

*Rheu.* What are your Orders, Madam?

*Ory.* Say rather my Desires, which entreat  
A happy Reconcilement to your Love.

*Rheu.* Alas, the King has ravish'd all my Love;

Nor



Nor have I for my self so much  
As to preserve my Life.

*Ory.* Hast thou no Pity then?

*Rheu.* If your ill us'd Affection can desire  
A wretched Share in a disorder'd Heart,  
Command my Crimes immediate Punishment;  
Let Death reward the merits of my Folly,  
Which can despise the Offers of such Goodness,  
And till I'm dead I'll bless the noble Mercy.

*Ory.* Why? wouldst thou die then?

*Rheu.* With as much Joy I would receive my Doom,  
As the dishonour'd *Antelina*:  
For since *Dorenalus* and she are lost,  
There are no Plagues my Sufferings can receive,  
To match the miseries of a Reprieve.

*Ory.* Here then, *Rheusanes*, feast thy Scorn and Hate;  
If thou wilt die, season thy Dagger first,  
In the uneasy Bosom of *Oryala*. [ Offers him a Dagger.

*Rheu.* Your cruel Fate, by all those Woes I grieve,  
Could wish that *Antelina* you had been;  
Or, that I'd *Antelina* never seen.

*Ory.* Oh! talk not of her; her very Name,  
Withers my Hopes, and blasts me with Despair.

*Rheu.* All ours you did destroy.

*Ory.* I did not, 'twas the King; had I but known  
The evil meanings of his Soul, *Rheusanes*;  
Or that my Fondness would have met this Usage,  
I never had destroy'd my Peace or yours.

*Rheu.* You knew I was engag'd.

*Ory.* The more ungrateful and unjust, *Rheusanes*,  
Knowing the merits of my Obligations:  
Let my preceding Actions come in view;  
The faithful Diligence my Love has us'd,  
Particularly to advance your Cause,  
Might easily perswade you my Designs  
Court'd your Inclinations to reward 'em.

*Rheu.* I do acknowledge all my Honours yours,  
Confess my self your Bounty's Creditor;

But

But my Endeavours in my Countries Service,  
I hop'd in time might cancel all those Bonds.

*Ory.* To th'King, but not to me:  
Vertues when secret kept are none at all;  
Kings know not, but by Favorites, who deserve:  
Had not my Love encourag'd your Deserts,  
By kind Entreaties to your Prince to try 'em,  
Your Name had never conquer'd *Antelina*;  
You had remain'd indifferent to the World.

*Rheu.* Would I had liv'd a Stranger to it ever,  
Since I want Power to recompence your Goodness.

*Ory.* You do not want it.

*Rheu.* Oh! I do; my Vows to *Antelina* bind my Heart;  
And tho I never can be happy in her,  
I hear her sighing to my Soul, take heed,  
This Conference seems a Violation,  
And she upbraids my Conscience for the Sufferance;  
There is a struggling Contest in my Breast,  
Even now betwixt my Love and Gratitude;  
Both seize my Heart, and tugg for the Possession,  
Let me depart, or it will split between 'em.

*Ory.* Give me my Share then.

*Rheu.* Divide it with thy Dagger.

*Ory.* No, let thy Gratitude but combat for me;  
Weigh but my Friendship, and I yet shall conquer.

*Rheu.* It will not be; off, or I must be rude.

*Ory.* Thus I release thee then, and right my self.

[ *Stabs her self.*

*Rheu.* Oh! whither has thy barbarous Honour led thee?

*Ory.* To everlasting Freedom; my tedious Lease of Life  
Is out, and I shall groan beneath thy Scorn no more.

*Rheu.* Why wouldst thou do thus rashly?

*Ory.* Why wouldst thou hate so long?

*Rheu.* Heaven might have chang'd the purpose of my Soul,  
For certainly thy Faith had wondrous merit.

*Ory.* Not equal to thy *Antelina's* tho;  
Yet I have got the start of her in Love,  
And in *Rheusanes* cause I perish first.

*Rheu.* Oh



*Rheu.* Oh Nature! lend a Life to mend this Breach,  
 And Death shall have a Thousand in its room;  
 I'll heal it with my own. [ *He snatches the Dagger:*  
*She holds him.*

*Ory.* Forbear, I do conjure thee,  
 By thy *Antelina* hold thy fatal Arm:  
 Oh *Rheufanes*! my Lord, my Life, my Husband  
 And my Soul.

*Rheu.* What would my dear Vexation?

*Ory.* When Fate shall Summon thee to leave this Life,  
 Give order that thy Bones may sleep with mine;  
 Though we have lived at distance in this World,  
 I hope we shall be nearer in the next.

*Rheu.* Curse on my froward Soul.

*Ory.* Oh do not curse thy self my Senses Blessing,  
 Believe I loved you, I desire no more.

*Rheu.* Too sadly you have engaged my Credit.

*Ory.* May Heaven be Judge 'twixt me and *Antelina*,  
 And give *Rheufanes* to the best deserving:  
 Oh! I'm going, the light of Peace is glimmering  
 On my Soul, and Heaven is in its view; give  
 Me thy Hand, or thou wilt lose thy Way. [ *Dies.*

*Rheu.* Stay then, Oh stay,  
 Thou mighty Sufferer, in the cross Paths, which lead  
 Our giddy Souls to everlasting Joy or Woe:  
 Stay to direct me; the Soul is out of call,  
 I'll not be long behind thee; the King, the King,  
 Who has done all this mischief must give me Death:  
 For him my Friend was in the dark destroy'd;  
 By him my Love was barbarously enjoy'd;  
 By him this worthy Princess was betray'd;  
 By him my Honours in Disgrace are laid;  
 By him then let these Debts to Heaven be paid:  
 For since he only can be tryed by you,  
 Do Justice, or, like him, you'll want it too. [ *Exit Rheufanes.*

SCENE.

## SCENE. III.

*A Chamber, with a Table set out with Sweet-meats.*

*Enter a Lord, leading in Antelina.*

*Lord.* **M**Adam, the King will instantly be here ;  
This small Collation is for you provided.  
[ *Exit Lord.*

*Ante.* This Banquet seems most luckily provided ;  
For unsuspected now I can destroy  
His Life, who robb'd mine of its Glory :  
I swore no opportunity should scape,  
In which I might revenge my Virgin's Loss :  
In then thou bane of Mortals, [ *Pours Poison into a*  
Thou Enemy to Life, and Friend of Death ; *Bowl of Wine.*  
Thy fatal Virtue mix so curiously,  
That the most cunning Sense may not distrust thee.  
Hark, the Royal Thief approaches.

*Enter King and Lord.*

*King.* Are all things order'd as I gave directions ?

*Lord.* Your curious Fancy is obey'd in all.

*King.* Leave us, let not the Princess  
Nor a Soul disturb us.

*Lord.* I shall be careful, Sir. [ *Exit Lord.*

*King.* The Subtlety o'th' most experienc'd Lovers  
Which have subdued the chafteft of the kind,  
The Eloquence of *Cicero* affect me ;  
Thou Mother to the Deity of Love,  
Into her Breast convey thy yielding Soul,  
And give me Charms to conquer all Resistance.

*Ante.* Thou Goddess of unspotted Castity ;  
Thou worthy Patroness, of Injur'd Vertue,  
Right me on this Imperial Ravisher.

*King.* Fair Injury ! [ *Moves towards her and bows very low.*

*Ante.*



*Ante.* How slyly does this Devil masque his Falshood :  
So look'd the First, when credulous *Eve* he tempted,  
And of her blessed Paradise depriv'd her. [ *Aside.*

*King.* Thou moving Token of thy Prince's Mischief,  
Look on me with compassionate Observance ;  
I groan beneath the Burthen of my Crimes ;  
Thy Pity only can the Weight remove,  
Which Cloggs my Soul, and sinks it to Destruction.

*Ante.* I shall have Justice, worrying Flatterer.

*King.* By all my Hopes of Quiet, noble too,  
Such Justice as shall heal your wounded Honour,  
And calm the worst Resentments of your Father :  
I'll set thy Vertues in a Sphere so high,  
Shall make 'em yet out-shine thy Sexes Pride.

*Ante.* As well the Oak may flourish like the Elm,  
When Ivy has debas'd its noble Trunk.

*King.* When Mortals begg Remission for their Sins  
With an unfeigned Desire, Heavens Ear enclines :  
Be thou like Heaven to my entreating Prayers,  
And let my just Repentance claim some Pity.

*Ante.* Thou hast been basely Cruel.

*King.* The greater will thy Mercy shew to Pardon ;  
Do not upbraid me ever, but relent ; [ *Kneels.*  
My Sins, which like a Leprosie ran o'er me,  
The Tears of Penitence have wash'd away ;  
Nor can I think my Soul inclin'd to th' Act :  
Some Fiend admiring of thee, enter'd me,  
And with his Charms forc'd me act his Will.

*Ante.* I must seem yielding ; to bring him to my Ends  
Requires Belief I may be brought to his.  
Rise, Sir.

*King.* Will you sit down then ?

*Ante.* I will. [ *Sits.*

*King.* Will you salute this Bowl, or in a  
Friendly Draught drown what is past ?  
Oh bless me with the Sound of thy Forgiveness,  
And my sad Soul shall shake its Sorrows off,  
And dance to th'joyful Musick of thy Mercy :

Drink my Hearts Trouble.

[ Gives her the Bowl.

*Ante.* Peace to our Wrongs.

[ She drinks.

*King.* I thirst for it :

[ Takes the Bowl and drinks.

May all our Sorrows shrink as this decays.

*Ante.* May it wash out thy Sins, I do forgive thee.

*King.* Souls banish'd Heaven, could not be better pleas'd  
To be call'd back again :

Some Musick there to humour this sweet Softness. [ A Song.

Eat, my Comfort, here's Food delicious,

As the Gods delight in, luscious as Loves desires ;

Let's feast and revel till we have wearied Luxury,

And with our Appetites Extravagance made *Cresus* poor.

*Ante.* Thou wilt be poor anon.

*King.* Wilt thou not eat, my Queen ?

*Ante.* I am not well.

*King.* Let us retire, my Life ; within are Cordials,  
Masters of all Sickness.

*Ante.* Make use then of 'em, for thou art mighty ill.

*King.* Not *Paris* was in better Health, when he,  
His dear stolen *Helen* first embrac'd :

I feel my pious Purposes decay,

And I am lost again in vast Desire.

*Ante.* Is this thy faithful Sorrow ?

*King.* Would'st have me weep my self  
Like *Niobe* into a Stone ?

I've sigh'd sufficiently for what is past ;

Therefore thy Joys must make my Grief amends.

*Ante.* Oh Monster !

*King.* Throw off this foolish Vertue and be kind ;  
My Blood boils high.

*Ante.* Thy Soul will sink as low.

*King.* I'll sink it in thy Arms then.

*Ante.* Good Gods !

*King.* Could those good Gods transform thee to a Tree,  
Like *Daphne*, when *Apollo* did pursue her ;  
Thus should my twisted Arms grow to thee,  
Whilst every Branch which sprung from our fair Sides,  
Were royal Issues of each others Pleasure.

*Ante.*



*Ante.* 'Thou bitter Curse on Vertue, thou art poison'd.

*King.* This will not save thee. ( *Art,*

*Ante.* By the Honour thou hast destroy'd, not the Worlds  
With thy own Nature, were it strong as Cruel,  
Can carry off the Venom in thy Blood.

*King.* If I am poison'd then my Time's more precious,  
And on thy Bosom shall my Life expire ;  
So blest'd I'd willingly my Life resign ;  
In Ecstasies of Bliss I'll upwards climb :  
Upon thy Lips I'll leave my parting Soul,  
And giddy with my Joys to Darkneſs rowl.

*Enter Lord.*

*Lord.* To Arms, or fly immediately ;  
The Army's at your Pallace, bellowing lowd,  
*Rheufanes* is our King ; down with the Tyrant :  
There's not a Citizen but arms the Cause,  
And vows to share their Fortune.

*Ante.* I cannot live to see my Wrongs reveng'd ; [ *She ſinks*  
Fear Tyrant, for Heavens Vengeance *and ſits on the*  
Crouds upon thee. *Ground.*

*King.* This meſſage like Qualm comes croſs my Blood,  
And chills the Heat her Beauties had inspir'd.  
Draw up our Guards, lets meet 'em with the utmoſt  
Force we have, and back it with an equal Reſolution.  
This Cunning ſhall not ſave thee, here thou ſhalt remain,  
Till I the worſt Event of Fortune know ;  
And if I find my Crown I muſt reſign,  
I will return in ſpight of all thy Art,  
And periſh in thy Arms.

*Rheufanes* and thy Father ſhall behold it,  
Whiſt both their Swords ſhall want the Power to part us ;  
For as my Wounds ſucceſſively are made,  
As they ſtab me ſo will I kiſs thee dead. [ *Exit.*

*Ante.* Oh *Rheufanes* ! ſome unſeen Power  
Whiſper in thy Ear,  
How nobly *Antelina* keeps her Vow :  
I feel the Miſchief courſing through my Veins,  
And like a Town attack'd from every ſide,

It does furround my Heart, feign 'twould hold out.  
 To parley with the General,  
 And after some Conditions give it up. [ *Shout without.*

*Enter Rheufanes.*

*Rheu.* I hear my Name cry'd up by all for King,  
 And zealous mutiny comes fiercely on ;  
 I long to know my *Antelina's* Fate,  
 Whilst doubtful of her Safety I remain :  
 I cannot die, but hover hereabout,  
 Like a poor frightened Bird about her Nest,  
 When she suspects the Danger of her Young,

*Ante.* Who's there ?

*Rheu.* Again upon the Ground ; [ *Runs to Antelina.*  
 How are my Fears confirm'd ?

*Ante.* *Rheufanes* !

*Rheu.* The same, but tell me, ( Oh my Doubts ! )  
 Why do I find thee thus ?

*Ante.* A Bed of Honour this, not of Disgrace ;  
 The King no more my Vertue shall destroy,  
 Nor live to boast the Rape of *Antelina*.

*Rheu.* What dost thou mean ?

*Ante.* I drank thy Health in the same Draught  
 The King did his Destruction ;  
 The Thoughts of thee sweeten'd the bitter Cup,  
 And made the Potion pleasant to my Taste.

*Rheu.* Thou art not poison'd ?

*Ante.* Forgive me if I've rob'd thee of thy Justice ;  
 Jealous of losing it I made it sure,  
 And gave him what will thorowly revenge us.

*Rheu.* The Action troubles me, altho' I cannot live  
 To see the Event : I wish thy Sufferings may quit  
 Thy Crimes, for Heaven has great Regard to Princes.

*Ante.* And has it none for injured Subjects think you ?

*Rheu.* Not when they offer to Revenge themselves ;  
 Fir'd by thy Wrongs, and work'd up by thy Father,  
 I went to end him ; But Oh the sad mistake !  
 I slew thy Brother for him.

*Ante.* Hard Usage truly, but 'tis done, and I must wait  
 My



My Sentence : Live thou ( Oh my intended, but  
Unhappy Lover ! ) and prithee, dear *Rheusanes*, prithee  
Besfriend the Troubles of thy Wife :

Credit me, wondrous Goodness dwells within her ;  
And since the King and I are both remov'd,  
Reward her tedious Sufferings with thy Love :

*Rheu.* Not Three Hours since she perish'd by my Side.

*Ante.* Then I expire too late.

*Rheu.* Rally thy Spirits Strength, and stay a little ;  
Oh do not fly so soon !

Drums, Trumpets, and the Noise of a Battle without.

*Enter King Mad, with his Sword drawn.*

*King.* **A**LL's lost, no Words on't ; let Furies laugh and  
Rattle Chains for Joy, I'm coming ; Oh how I  
The ambitious Boy that set the World on fire, ( burn !  
And perish'd in the Flames his Folly kindled,  
Dy'd in a gentle Sweat to what I feel.

*Rheu.* Hee's come, Heaven let his Madness find me.

*King.* The Toils of *Sisyphus*, *Prometheus's* Pains,  
And all the Poets Tales of tortur'd Sinners,  
Are Fictions to the Punishments I suffer :  
I'll sue to *Proserpine* to quench these Fires,  
Her Arms have Power.

Ha *Pluto* ! here come to compel my Love ?  
Die, Devil, die ; [ *Runs Rheusanes through.*  
And I'll be Prince of Hell.

*Ante.* *Rheusanes*, Oh ! [ *Dies.*

*Rheu.* I follow thee ; blest'd be the Hand that sends me.

*King.* Give me some Water there, some Water, Doggs ;  
Pour down my Throat an hundred thousand Tunns  
To cool my boiling Blood ; let Winter lay me  
In his frozen Lap, and weep Snow on me ;  
My Heat would melt his Hoard upon the Alps,

And !

And make a second Flood for Italy :  
My Feaver would thaw Charity.

[ *Shout without*

*Enter Ghinotto.*

*Ghin.* He's here. [ *Ghin. runs at him, the King drops his Sword as they are struggling.*  
*King.* What art thou ?  
*Ghin.* This shall inform thee. *The K. draws a Dagger and*  
*King.* Am I ta'n Prisoner then ? O, Treason : *stabs Ghin.*  
Fly to my Rescue, this I think will free me :  
There, there, there.

*Enter Collonel with Souldiers.*

*Coll.* How is it, Sir ?

[ *To Ghinotto.*

*Ghin.* Why, not well.

[ *Dies.*

*Coll.* Oh dismal Spectacle ! General, look up ;  
Oh how he has cross'd our Purpose ?  
Behold your Collonel, Sir, with such Relief,  
As will recover your lost Life and Time.

*Rheu.* Do not disturb me.

*Coll.* How came this, Sir ?

*Rheu.* By the Kings hand : This Lady in a Bowl  
Of Poison drank to him, and in its raging Madneſs  
He destroy'd me : *Ghinotto* is the Cause of all :  
I can no more ; Heaven forgive it : Hold fast  
My Hope, and to the Stars conduct me.

[ *Dies.*

*Coll.* Now ſets the Sun of Glory ; the World  
Is darkn'd by thy Lights decay, which ne'er  
Will riſe to bleſs this Land again ;  
Curſed Ambition ! what Slaughter haſt thou made ?

*King.* My infected Blood flows ſwiftly forth, and  
Reason now torments me more than Poison.

*Coll.* What Mercy can thy Wickedneſs expect ?

*King.* Had I but time, I'd tell thee.

[ *Dies.*

*Coll.* Oh Death ! Oh thou luxurious Thief !  
How has thy vicious Appetite been feaſted ?  
Wretched *Ghinotto* ! haſt thou been more juſt,  
This Wrack had never happen'd.

Would



Would I were in my Grave, I should not fee  
 The Miseries this Land must feel for thee.  
 The sad Remains of this unhappy Crown,  
 Have much to do to fix their shaking Throne.

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# EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by Mr. JEVON.*

**M**<sup>R</sup> Brother Mountfort in the Scene-Room sits,  
 To hear the Censure of your sharp quick Wits;  
 Expecting a most dreadful damning Doom:  
 My Third Day's past, but his, poor Soul's to come.  
 Encourage him, Faith do, 'tis Charity;  
 Poets, you know, are poor, and so are we:  
 Let this tho' give no Offence to'th' Brother-Writers;  
 But if it does, there's few of 'em are Fighters:  
 Those that are so, he does exclude his Pen,  
 For like Town Bully, he would know his Men.  
 He begs but one thing, be not so uncivil,  
 To scan his Play, for then 'twill be the Devil:  
 Not but he dares stand by't, but to prevent Evil.  
 For Nice Sr. Courtly's so well bred, you know,  
 He would not question it, and pray don't you.  
 The Plot I'm sure is good, or if it be not, fye,  
 Your Chair-Men now a days plot Tragedy.  
 Pardon but this, and I will pawn my Life,  
 His next shall match my Devil of a Wife.  
 We'll grace it with the Imbellishment of Song and Dance;  
 We'll have the Monsieur once again from France,

*With's*

*With's Hoope and Glassses, and when that is done,  
 He shall Divert you with his Riggadoone. [ Dances like him.  
 Pluck up de Petticoat above de Knee,  
 To shew de fine shew string and de dapper Thigh,  
 And not make one Blush, no begar not in one Lady:  
 With tawny Gullet, Face as ugly too,  
 As a fresh Awkard Covent-Garden Beau.  
 Hey de brave French Man Mon foy he can fly  
 Home again he has into his own Country.  
 So fare him well, of him no more,  
 But to the Poet, be kind to him, as I said before,  
 Else to stand by him, every Man has swore.  
 To Salisbury Court we'll hurry the next Week,  
 Where not for Whores but Coaches you may seek;  
 And more to plague you, there shall be no Play,  
 But the Emperor o'th' Moon for every Day.*

F I N I S.

*F. T.*

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